VOL. 43 NO. 13

Why the States Are Broke—See page 29

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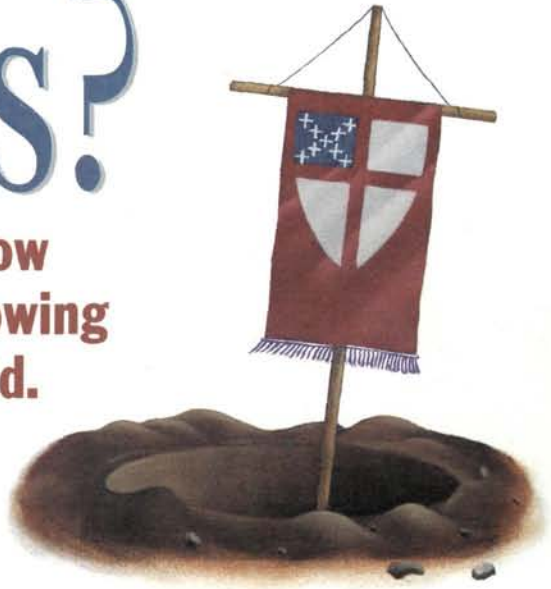
# NATIONAL REVIEW

# Are there Episcopalians in foxholes?

**Richard Brookhiser examines the American church that has more doubts than beliefs.**

**William Oddie reports how American bishops are sowing heresy in the Third World.**



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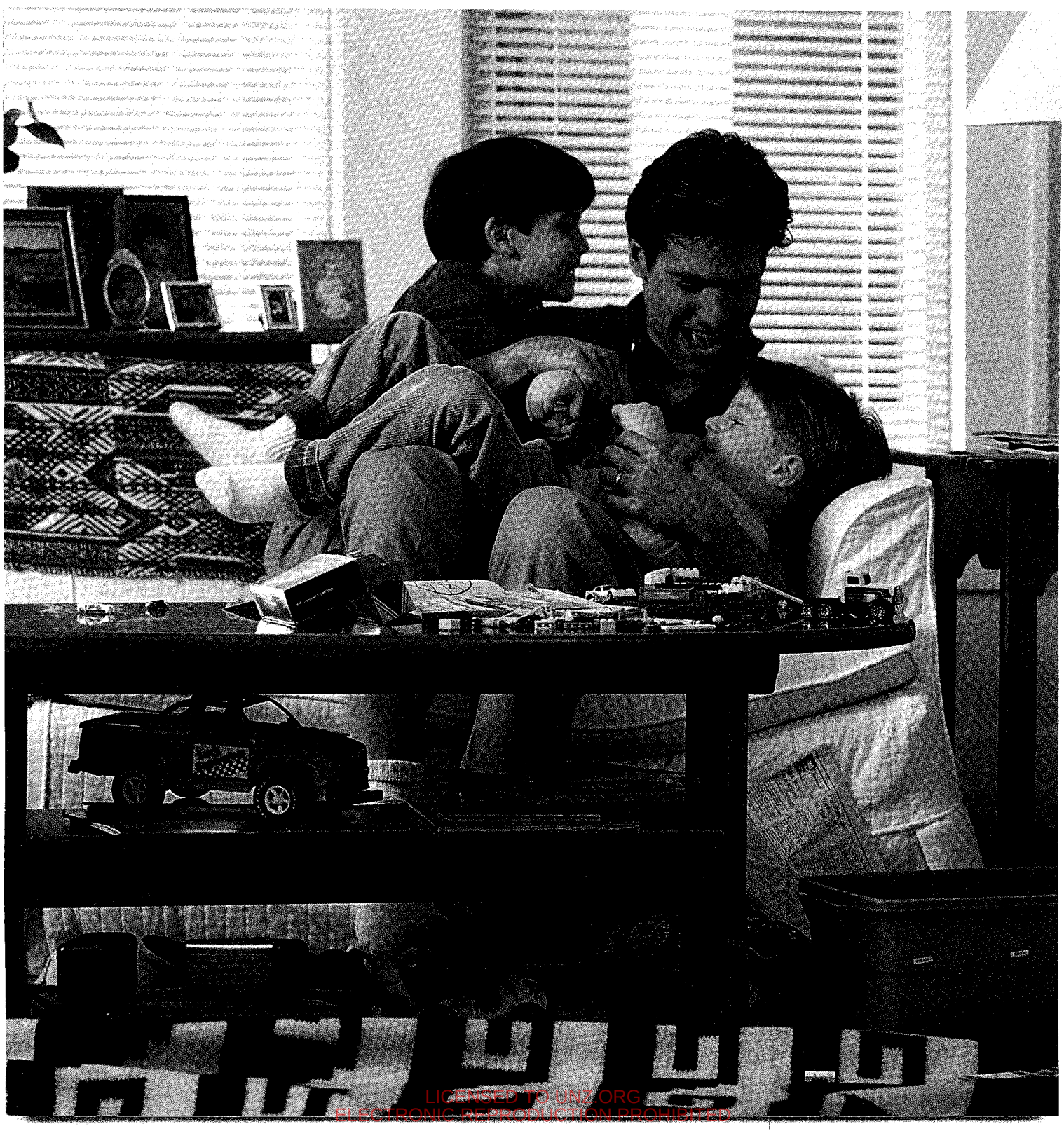

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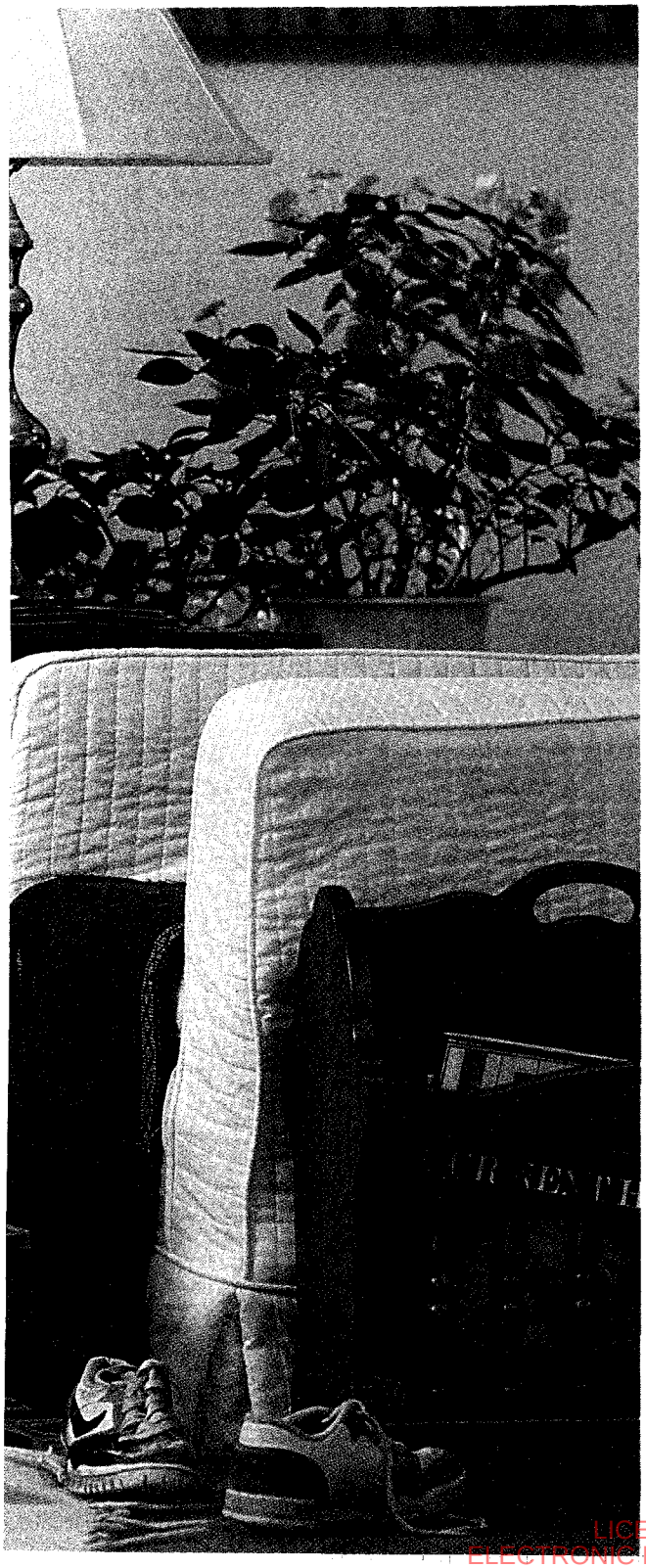

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# NATIONAL REVIEW

JULY 29, 1991 VOL. XLIII, NO. 13

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*Cover illustration by Chang Park*

The Audit Bureau

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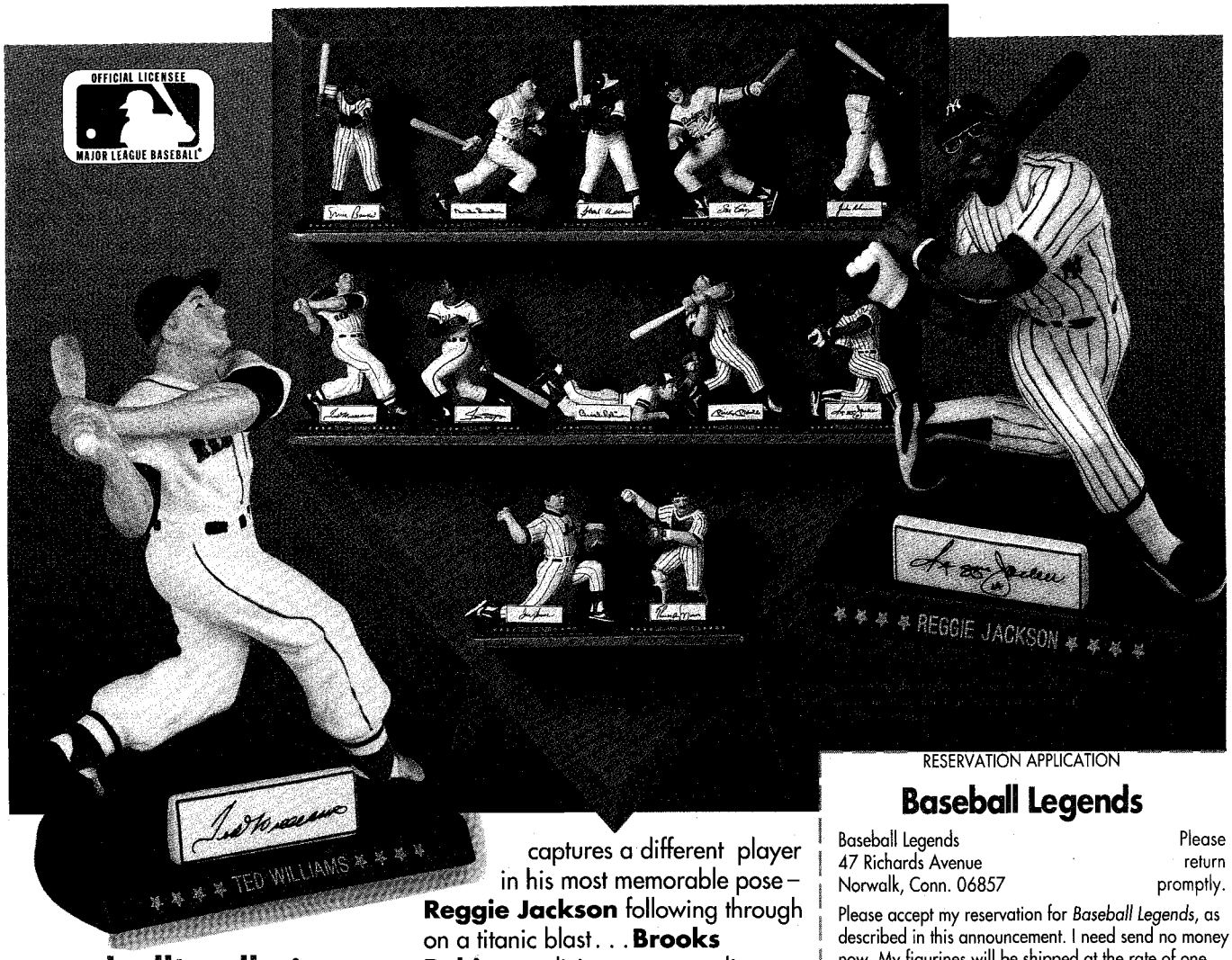


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# LETTERS

### *A Principled Future*

Aram Bakshian Jr. observes that elements of the New Paradigm have been around for a long time ["New Paradigm or Old Paradox?" June 24]. That's why the *NR* article that spelled out the New Paradigm was titled, "New Paradigms, Old Principles" [Jan. 28].

So what's new about the New Paradigm? For one thing, the times are new. At last, people are awakening from the socialist/bureaucratic dream in the First, Second, and Third Worlds. There's a growing realization that public policy isn't limited to a choice between Scrooge and Santa. We don't need the welfare state to have better schools and a lower poverty rate. Activist conservatives such as Governors Tommy Thompson (R., Wis.) and Guy Hunt (R., Ala.) are proving that we can achieve these goals through market-oriented means.

Dismissing the potential for conservative innovation is bad policy and worse politics. Mr. Bakshian says that we can win only by addressing the American character—and again we agree. But at the core of that character dwells optimism. If conservatives try to "force the choice" between Herbert Hoover Republicanism and Lyndon Johnson liberalism, voters will just ignore us and keep looking for something better.

At his inaugural, President Reagan said: "In this current crisis, government is not the solution. Government is the problem." As the first four words indicate, President Reagan was not trying to foreclose all attempts to solve public problems; rather, he was fighting the malaise of the late 1970s. But now we're in the 1990s and it's time for the next step.

From parental choice in child care and education, to market incentives in environmental protection, to tenant management of public housing, President Bush is governing in the spirit of the New Paradigm. In the past, officials talked about devolving power from Washington; now, Cabinet secretaries such as Jack Kemp, Lamar Alexander, and Louis Sullivan are making it happen.

Mr. Bakshian argues that Republicans must look beyond the executive branch and gain a majority in Congress. The New Paradigm is the prescription. To win Congress, we need a pool of candidates in statehouses and city halls. But we can't attract good candidates with a naysaying, Hooverite mentality. "The Republicans hate government," a Democratic legislative leader told journalist Alan Ehrenhalt. "Why be here if you hate government? So they let us run it for them." The GOP can inspire people to run only if it supplies them with a vision of what they can accomplish.

*James P. Pinkerton*
*John J. Pitney Jr.*
*Arlington, Va.*

### *The Inevitability of Fluctuation*

In "Elect the Fed?" [June 10] Andrew Coyne concludes: "Governments may come and go, but it seems inflation goes on forever. It doesn't have to be this way. Inflation is not some mysterious, intractable ailment, beyond the ken of man." That's not true. Expected periods of a rate of deflation smaller than the real rate of return on capital reduce the incentive to invest. A deflation rate equal to or bigger than the rate of return—10 per cent at best—makes investing absurd. Why should anybody invest when by holding on to his money he can do better? In other words, deflation is either harmful or catastrophic, and will not be permitted for long. In contrast, expected double- or triple-digit inflations are harmful but tolerable and tolerated taxes on financial assets.

The price level may be compared to an elevator in a skyscraper. It is wired so that whatever its position, all the "down" buttons except the one to the floor just below you automatically disconnect. In a growing economy, up and down price fluctuations are the rule. With prices always close to their floor and facing no ceiling, secular inflation is inevitable. The history of prices during the past three thousand years—starting in Egypt, Greece, and Rome—confirms this conclusion. To ask if people "really want inflation" is like asking them if they want to preserve cancer: they are stuck with both.

*Boris P. Pesek*
*Professor of Economics*
*University of Wisconsin*
*Milwaukee, Wis.*

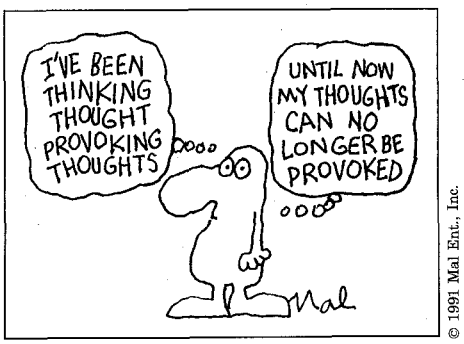
*If zero inflation meant, as Professor Pesek implies, that the price level could be stable only* on average, *swinging back and forth between extended periods of high inflation and deep deflation, then we might indeed be in trouble. One could easily freeze to death in a country where the weather is quite mild* on average. *But who is talking about deflation? It's perfectly possible to keep inflation at or near zero with only shallow, transitory periods of inflation or deflation. It has been done. For Professor Pesek's asymmetry argument to be anything more than a theoretical curiosity, deflation would have to be expected to persist for some time. Examples of this are exceedingly rare. Long periods of price stability, on the other hand, are quite common, in different countries and different historical periods. You have to go back to the nineteenth century to find one in America, true. But Germany furnishes a more recent example.*

*This is perhaps in part because of the Bundesbank's statutory independence. But more because of a political culture that is known to be strongly hostile to inflation. In Germany's case, this is the product of repeated bouts of hyperinflation. The Great Inflation of the 1960s, '70s, and '80s was a milder, but no less useful teaching experience for the rest of us. All we need now are the institutional reforms that would allow people to pass on what they have learned to the politicians.* —AC

### *Goals and Touchdowns*

Chester Finn's analogy between education and athletics has a number of flaws in it, the most obvious being that a football coach has the right to select the players with whom he will pursue excellence, and exclude the inept ones from the process altogether, whereas the teacher does not ["Accounting for Results," May 27]. Nobody has the *right* to play football, whereas everyone has the right to be educated.

Another flaw is his simplistic notion about how one "keeps score" in education. In a football game, the score is an



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extreme abstraction from reality; it ignores the aesthetic factor in players' uniforms, the attitude of coach and quarterback to players' human rights, and the human quality of life of the players as a group. Professor Finn's position would imply that the criterion of success applied to education would have to be similarly abstract. Education is a vastly more complex game, and cannot be reduced to simply putting points on the board, whether the "board" is a scoreboard or the Dow Jones.

*Douglas Frame*
*Exeter, Ont.*

*Nobody ever said that the score of a ballgame tells you whether the players' uniforms are pretty or whether the coach respects their religious freedom. But the score tells us a great deal about how well they play ball and which teams are better than which. And that is worth knowing, even though it isn't everything one might like to know.*

*The problem with education—okay, one of the problems with education—is that we cannot even learn that much about the performance of individual children and schools. Far from attempting to reduce everything to a single score, I'm urging that we demand scores on those aspects of education that are amenable to measurement. That would represent huge progress over the present situation.* —CF

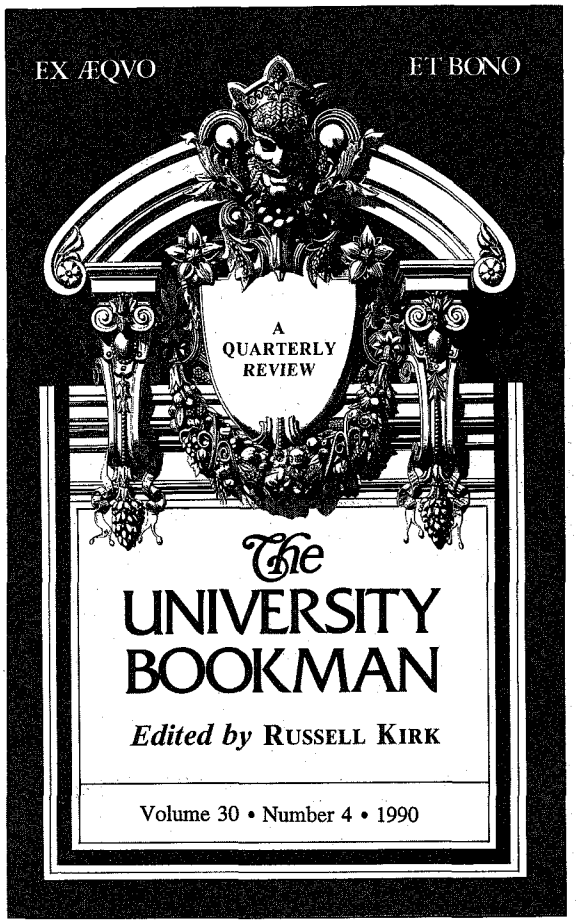
***Repulsive Images***

Regarding Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s column on whether executions should be televised [June 24], I believe I have come up with a solution.

I begin by sharing Mr. Buckley's assumption that most of those eager to televise executions take that position in the hope that the revulsion at such a display would begin a stampede to abolish the death penalty. That being the case, I propose that televised executions be permitted only if a videotape of the crime(s) committed by the person about to be executed is also televised.

Some would no doubt argue that criminals don't videotape their crimes (though down here in Washington some blossoming criminals/potential NEA grant recipients do), and that therefore executions would never be televised. That's right. But the point is, why should we appeal to the innate mercifulness of Americans on behalf of those who have committed heinous crimes, without appealing to Americans' equally innate sense of decency and justice, which would be evoked by the victim?

*Joseph J. Eule*
*Washington, D.C.*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## FROM THE EDITOR

# On with the Dance

■ Reporters, they say the darnedest things. The following dialogue was heard last week in a discussion of the Clarence Thomas nomination on ABC's *Nightline*:

William Bennett: "It's a free country and Judge Thomas can adopt any view that he wishes. He's a free man."

Ted Koppel: "On that provocative note, let's take a break."

Mr. Koppel's subconscious was onto something. The liberal culture that sustains the media has defined groups like women and blacks in ideological rather than biological or racial terms. So it is, in a sense, provocative for an individual woman or black to assert a different ideological identity. They become, in effect, traitors to their sex or class.

As it happens, big-city reporters are finally waking up to the fact that many black Americans have firmly conservative views and adjusting their stereotypes accordingly. But the Democrats just can't shake the habit. They thereby risk turning Thomas into a kind of Willie Horton in reverse.

Remember, the Democrats' allegation was that the 1988 Bush campaign publicized Horton and his crimes because he was black and thus a convenient racist symbol.

Republicans have fumbled hopelessly whenever confronted with this charge—quite needlessly, since the perfect answer was given at the time by Ambassador Alan Keyes: "When I see Willie Horton, I see a criminal. When the Democrats see Willie Horton, they see a black."

Similarly, in Judge Thomas, Senator George Mitchell sees merely the beneficiary of a quota, someone who has been nominated by a Republican President because he is black and thus a convenient anti-racist symbol.

There is here what we call a "pattern" of behavior that is "worrying": the Democrats ignore the individual's crimes or achievements and focus entirely on his racial identity. I don't know about you, but I call that "insensitive." And in other circumstances, so would Senator Mitchell.

■ Meanwhile, the Supreme Court is doing its best to live down the slur that it is intent on reading the plain words of the Constitution, with its judgment that nude dancing, though open to regulation, is still protected speech under the First Amendment.

This raises a question to which perhaps too little attention has been paid. If nude dancing is "speech," *what is the girl actually saying?*

If she is saying what common sense suggests, then she may be open to prosecution under laws against public solicitation. Or—let me add before dancers write in to deny that they are that kind of girl—for fraud.

Suppose, however, that, as sociologists in fashion magazines sometimes argue, most dancers are lesbians hostile to men. Their dancing might then be seen as deliberately insulting and thus "fighting words" unprotected by the Constitution.

Of course a liberal jurist in the carefree tradition of the Warren Court might take the sunnier view that a dancer is expressing her conviction that the naked human body is a thing of beauty to be celebrated.

That interpretation might be persuasive as applied to, say, the striptease girls at the Crazy Horse Saloon in Paris. But would a reasonable man consider the dancers at the Kitty Kat Lounge in South Bend, Indiana, able to make such a statement with any real credibility? Might not some of them be risking a perjury charge?

It is at least a plausible hypothesis that when the dancers are on stage there, silence is golden. The time may come, indeed, when a girl will only perform a bump and grind in the presence of her lawyer and after she has been read her Carmen Miranda rights. (Sorry.)

Yes, it wasn't only the Constitution that was safer when nude dancing was still disreputable. —JOHN O'SULLIVAN



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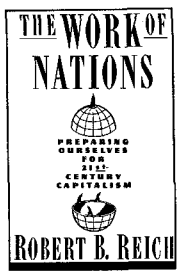


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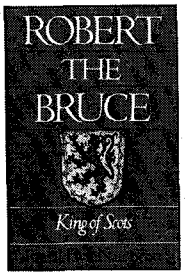


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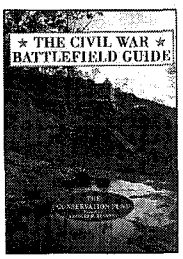


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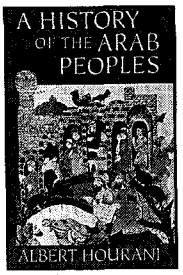


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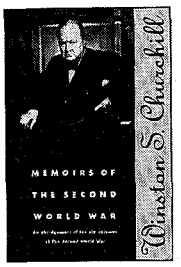


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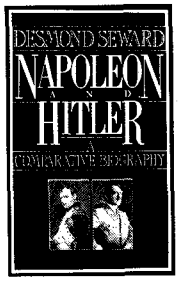


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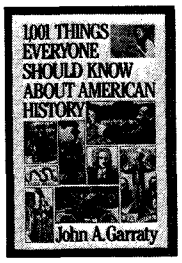


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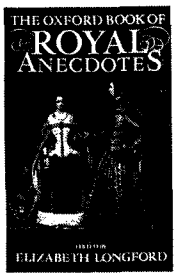


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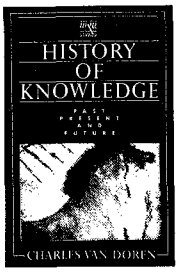


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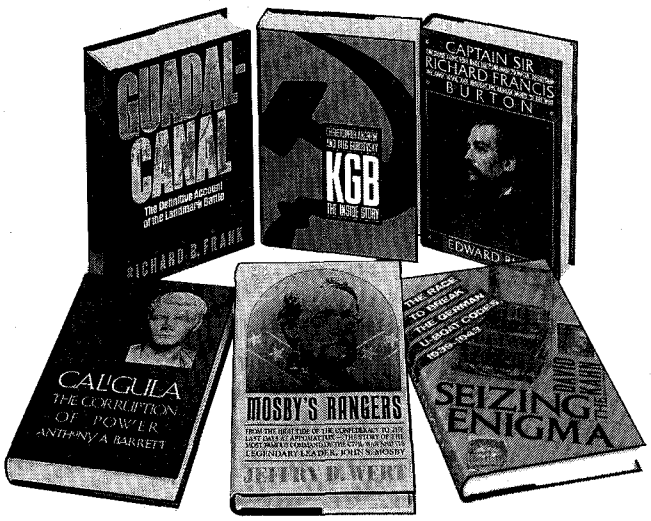


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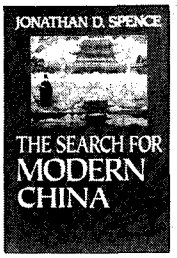


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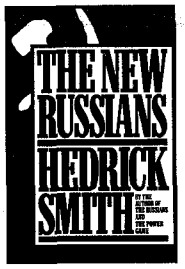


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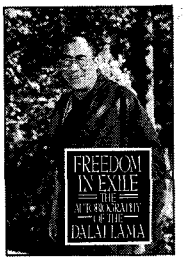


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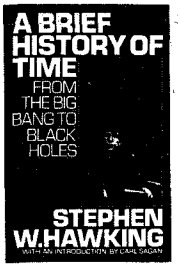


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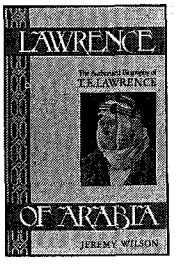


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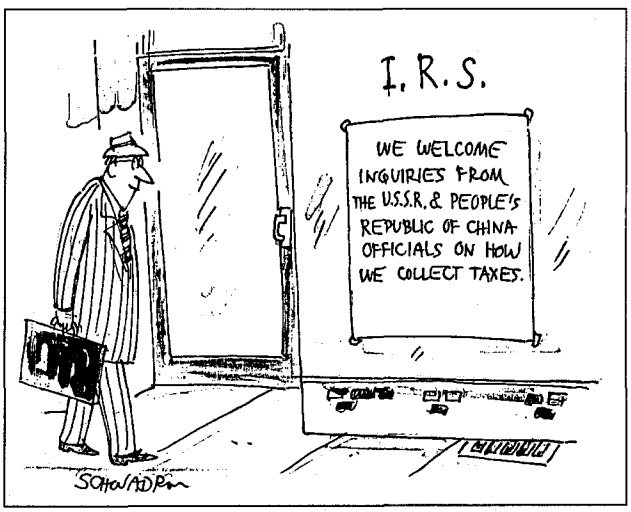
# ON THE RECORD

■ Gloomier and gloomier: Only 8 per cent of Democratic governors favor fellow Gov. **Mario Cuomo** as 1992 Democratic presidential candidate; 21 per cent like Sen. **Al Gore**, but Gore bombed in recent appearances before moderate Democratic Leadership Council and more liberal National Democratic Party conference. . . . Emerging as favorite of Democratic Left is Sen. **Tom Harkin** of Iowa, who says he can beat **George Bush** if only he can get the nomination. Bush's support, says Harkin, "is a mile wide, and an inch deep." . . . On other hand, *Des Moines Register* finds 44 per cent of Harkin's fellow Iowans don't think he should run for President. . . . **Jesse Jackson**, suddenly back on front page, not abashed about his lack of political experience, which he feels is on a par with that of **Lech Walesa**, **Vaclav Havel**, and **Nelson Mandela**. . . . Things are so dismal that Boston Mayor **Raymond Flynn** says he might just run for President. "As far as I'm concerned it's a wide-open playing field," Flynn said at U.S. Conference of Mayors. . . . Looking to '92: Connecticut Sen. **Christopher Dodd** could be in trouble. *Hartford Courant* shows his approval rating ten points below that of junior Sen. **Joseph Lieberman** (58 to 45 per cent). Possible contenders for Dodd seat: Rep. **Nancy Johnson**, a moderate Republican, and conservative Rep. **John Rowland**. Then again, Rowland could wait till '94 and take on the increasingly unpopular Gov. **Lowell Weicker**. . . . In California, **Field** poll shows liberal Republican Rep. **Tom Campbell** and conservative **Bruce Herschensohn** running neck and neck (21 to 20) in primary for seat Sen. **Alan Cranston** is relinquishing. . . . Texas political manners are something else again. At recent Harkin fund-raiser, Texas Gov. **Ann Richards** commented about fellow attendee Sen. **Wyche Fowler** (D., Ga.): "I never heard of him until tonight." She added, "but they could have sent **Sam Nunn**"—not known as a galvanizing public speaker.

■ Is the U.S. economy down and out, as evening TV shows would have us believe? The Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD) 1991 report on its 24 member nations (including all the major industrial democracies) is just out. In the early 1980s, says the OECD, the per-capita GNP of the combined OECD economies amounted to 75 per cent of the per-capita GNP of the United States. At the end of the decade, the figures were the same. The U.S. has lost no ground. . . . The Age of Greed hasn't affected America's charitable instincts. Charitable donations in 1990 topped $122 billion, up 5.8 per cent over 1989. . . . *Daily News Digest* maintains that of $666 billion Americans will spend on health care by year's end, $166.5 billion will have been spent on paperwork. . . . Washington University's Center for the Study of American Business says it will cost an estimated $13 billion to run the federal regulatory machine in 1992. Sharp staff reductions in the early **Reagan** years have gradually been reversed; the number of regulatory employees will top 122,000 in 1992 for the first time since 1980.



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■ Good news on the Right. A court-of-appeals panel in Atlanta has upheld libel judgment against left-wing **Christic** lawyer **Daniel Sheehan**. Ruling means $1.2 million now in court custody can be paid to **John Singlaub**, **Richard Secord**, and 27 other victims of a frivolous Christic libel suit. Christic had used civil provisions of RICO to accuse defendants of complicity in bombing of dissident Contra leader **Edén Pastora**'s 1984 press conference and half a dozen other unproved criminal activities. . . . **Donald Wildmon** of American Family Association reports over two hundred PBS stations are refusing to run *Tongues Untied*, an NEA-funded movie about black homosexuals, as part of its "Point of View" series. Says PBS program manager **Gaylord Ayers** of station WDCN in Nashville: "There are some segments of the programs that are deliberately, I believe, confrontational. Sure, PBS sends out a nice packet saying this is why we think it should be on the air. But that doesn't cut it with the person who calls and says, 'Never again will I support your station with money or anything else.'" . . . **Rush Limbaugh**, America's most listened to radio-talk-show host, will emcee a conservative forum at Long Beach Arena in Long Beach, California, July 27. Among featured speakers: *NR* Senior Editor and former drug czar and EdSec **William Bennett**, Judge **Robert Bork**, Desert Storm spokesman Gen. **Thomas Kelly**, Rep. **Bob Dornan** (R., Calif.), syndicated columnist **Mona Charen**, Media Research Center's **L. Brent Bozell III**, and former Reagan White House aide **Gary Bauer**. Limbaugh plans other Forums in the future. For info call 800-288-7874.

■ Brace yourselves: "Laughism," which is described as "inappropriately directed laughter," has just been banned at the University of Connecticut. The proper response, says **George Will**, "is derisive laughter," but Will goes on to make the serious point. "At bottom, none of this is funny. It flows from the tyrant's impulse to extinguish privacy."



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# THE WEEK

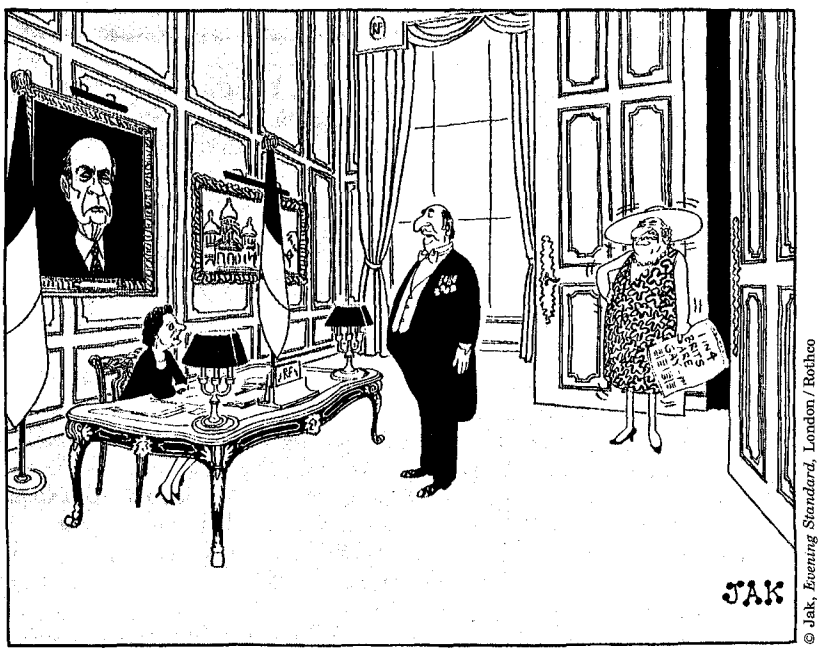
■ What do you plan to do in retirement? "Sit on my behind," replied Justice Marshall, laying to rest any suspicion that he was slowing down.

■ New Jersey's Egg Harbor Yacht Co. normally sold about 120 boats per year, until Congress and Richard Darman entered the scene. Since Washington's imposition of the 10 per cent tax on luxury items, Egg Harbor has sold *one* boat, closed up shop, and put 250 workers on the unemployment line—which brings to mind the phrase coined by the *Wall Street Journal*'s Paul Gigot, "Social Darmanism." When Congress enacted the tax in November, it expected to net $25 million in 1991. But that figure was based on sales prior to the institution of the tax January 1. According to Charles Kauth of Hatteras Yachts in North Carolina, retail sales in the entire industry were down 89 per cent in the first quarter this year, compared to the same period in 1990; the National Marine Manufacturers Association reports that 19,000 jobs in the industry have been lost since the tax kicked in. Imposing a tax that results in fewer people working and fewer people buying is no way to jump-start a sluggish economy.

■ The acrimonious debate on the $123-billion highway bill had less to do with transportation policy than with income redistribution. Senator Robert Byrd (D., W.Va.) finally succeeded in getting half the $8.2-billion Highway Trust Fund surplus distributed to poor states with high gasoline taxes, a formulation sure to divert more funds to West Virginia. But a little-noticed amendment to the highway bill is likely to have far wider, and less capricious, distributional consequences. The Private Property Rights Act, engineered by Senator Steve Symms (R., Idaho), requires that all federal agencies "assess the potential for taking private property in the course of regulatory activity, with the goal of minimizing such where possible." The Federal Government already faces well over a billion dollars of "takings" claims by individuals who feel they've been deprived of the full use of their property without just compensation. The courts have sided with property owners in more than half of these actions, an astonishing record considering that the Federal Government wins nine out of ten times in other areas of law. Behind every victorious property owner are thousands who lack the time or resources to sue. The Symms amendment, by re-emphasizing the duty of government to anticipate the private consequences of its public actions, is for them.

■ Most of the press accounts of Clarence Thomas's nomination to the Supreme Court have dealt with his skin color, but it took a black governor to change the issue to religion. That's what Doug Wilder did when he raised Thomas's Catholicism and said, "The question is, 'How much allegiance is there to the Pope?'" Although Wilder later apologized and said he didn't mean a man's religion should be an issue when he's seeking public office, that's precisely what he said. Already his remarks have been endorsed by others (particularly feminists), and as we get closer to Thomas's confirmation hearings it will be interesting to see whether the prominent pro-choice Catholics on the Judiciary Committee—Senators Ted Kennedy (D., Mass.), Pat Leahy (D., Vt.), and Joe Biden (D., Del.)—agree with their supporters who argue there ought to be one standard for Catholics and another for other Americans.

■ Does the Tenth Amendment live, after all? Arguably the most important amendment, it reads: "The powers not delegated to the United States [i.e., to the Federal Government] by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." The clear and unmistakable meaning here is limitation of federal power. No penumbras. In the Court session just

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*"Madame la première ministre, c'est l'ambassadeur de Grande Bretagne avec une très forte 'complaint' contre vous!"*



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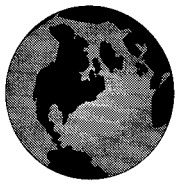

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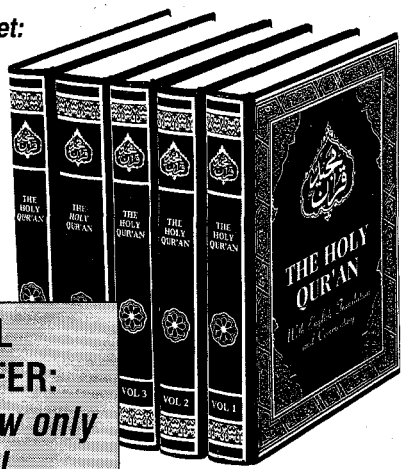


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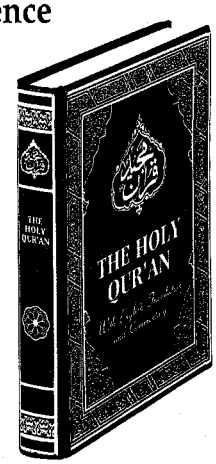


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ended, Justice Sandra O'Connor, writing for the majority, cited the Tenth in *Gregory* v. *Ashcroft*, confirming the right of states to oblige judges to retire at age seventy. If *Gregory* v. *Ashcroft* is a portent, we may get federalism back one day instead of just a Federal Government.

■ The U.S. Forest Service has just released an impressive high-gloss report, called "Toward a Multicultural Organization," printed with soybean-based inks. Among the points raised: "Obviously many Native Americans, based on their culture, revere, honor, and experience relationships to the natural environment that are very different from those of most white people"; and "Many women are active environmentalists, and by virtue of child-bearing have experiences of life processes that are different than those of men." As it happens, white males are underrepresented in the Forest Service entitlements program. But it "is still dominated by the culture of white males," and therefore the committee members are "asking for major changes in the ways in which people in the Forest Service interact with one another, see themselves, and accomplish their jobs." Really, you can't be too careful. And now Mrs. Bowdler will lead us all in a chorus of "Trees."

■ The United States has only itself to blame for Saddam Hussein's survival in power. When Saddam was threatened by Kurdish and Shiite uprisings, the Administration withheld support of them. Its preference seems to have been a unified Iraq led by a weakened and chastened Saddam. Now it finds that this fallback was a mirage. Saddam's survival—in conditions of overhasty American withdrawal—means Saddam's recovery. Through a stroke of good luck—information from a defecting Iraqi scientist—Saddam was caught in the act of trying to preserve his nuclear-weapons capability in violation of the UN Security Council resolutions. This has shaken the Administration out of its complacency, just in time. The good news, therefore, is that the present situation represents the failure of Saddam's strategy, as well as of ours. His strategy was to lie low and impress the world with his good behavior—until all U.S. troops were gone and economic sanctions were lifted. Then his moment would come. Had it not been for the defecting scientist, Saddam's strategy might have worked. The Administration is reportedly again reviewing its military options. It has no choice but to act in a way that firmly and decisively solves at least the nuclear problem. It must also develop a more comprehensive strategy to destroy Saddam—whose continued survival complicates all our objectives in the region. It reminds us of the scenario that produced the war: an American policy that badly misjudged the dictator, followed by an Iraqi policy that badly misjudged George Bush. We applauded the President's courage last time—and we await the opportunity to do so again.

■ South Africa has finally repealed its racial-classification laws, the last excuse for international sanctions. The funny thing is that the usual suspects over here are reluctant to lift sanctions even so; it seems they can't face life without *their* cold war.

■ BUST WATCH: President Bush went down to the Capitol recently to unveil a bronze bust of himself near the Senate chamber, an honor accorded all 43 of the nation's past Vice Presidents—except one. The *Washington Post* noted in passing that no bust had ever been made for Spiro Agnew. Just how much it may mean to Mr. Agnew to take his rightful place among the noble visages of Charles Fairbanks, Levi P. Morton, Daniel Tompkins, Aaron Burr, and William Rufus Devane King—whose term lasted all of six weeks before the glorious burden proved too much—one can't be sure. The fact remains that Mr. Agnew held the post for five years, and had some rather courageous moments along with the bad. If there is a place for traitors—or rebels such as the Veep-turned-Confederate-general John C. Breckinridge—surely there is a place for a decent man who stumbled.

■ *Outweek*, the New York weekly that made "gay" an ugly word, has folded. The magazine specialized in exposing prominent people as homosexuals, on the theory that . . . you know, like, hypocrisy is *bad*. So much for the right to privacy. In the end, there didn't seem to be enough notable closet gays to sustain this dubious enterprise, so that the exposés served no purpose but nastiness, and the magazine wound up savaging the sort of people whose interests it purported to champion.

■ Jack Nelson of the *Los Angeles Times* predicted that Clarence Thomas would be a "very controversial choice" for the Supreme Court because he had once outraged feminists by saying that equal pay for

## *The Ties That Bind*

When Gorby stumbles, Mr. Bush
Turns greener than the Hindu Kush,
And when the crowds say something rude,
Both he and Baker often brood;
So if I were a Balt, or from
Republics where "fee-fi-fo-fum"
Means Gorbachev is turning sour,
I'd try some other superpower.

W. H. VON DREELE



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women was "as looney as Looney Tunes." Oops: That sentiment, more or less, was voiced by the late Clarence *Pendleton*, not Clarence Thomas. Those unreconstructed Carterites can't distinguish one Clarence from another.

## The Image of Justice

A POWERFUL IMAGE of Thurgood Marshall has emerged from the media in the wake of his unexpected resignation: the first black Justice, formed by the civil-rights struggles of the 1940s and 1950s, committed to race neutrality and race preference in succession as each became the respectable meaning of "civil rights." Such an image is, to an extent, a proper expression of the etiquette of politics. Justice Marshall has been a participant in great events; his courage and dignity in an earlier phase of civil-rights politics were admirable; his more recent ramblings, querulousness in defense of statism, may be passed over for the moment.

But the image also underscores a dramatic social and political moment: a paladin of the black civil-rights leadership and a symbol of its alliance with white liberalism is to be succeeded by a black Justice, Clarence Thomas, openly scornful of the values of that same civil-rights leadership and committed to the traditional mores of Middle America, which happen to be shared by much of black America.

This contrast is important and sends a welcome message to the part of the black community that is disaffected from its "leaders." The message is: you have a right to your own opinions. A recent poll indicates that 47 per cent of American blacks agree with Judge Clarence Thomas that black individual achievement is preferable to hiring quotas. Claudia Butts, director of the minority outreach program at the Heritage Foundation, argues that the Great Society welfare programs "have become icons or sacred cows. But we look and see that our kids are addicted to drugs, our fathers are missing, our young girls are in the cycle of teenage dependence and welfare." David Bostis, senior research associate at the Joint Center for Political and Economic Studies, which specializes in black issues, argues that "Southern blacks in particular—the South is still the region where 60 per cent of the blacks live—tend to be conservative about personal values. They're almost universally religious. There's very strong support for the death penalty." The nomination of Judge Thomas reflects a growing black independence of mind that even Senators Metzenbaum, Kennedy, and Biden cannot repeal. Free at last.

But if they cannot repeal the social fact, will they perhaps be able to reject this incarnation of it? Thomas, by virtue of the color of his skin, will be insulated from the worst bullying tactics of senatorial inquisitors. Their first response was to hint that any black nominated by a Republican President must be by definition the beneficiary of a quota, by extension a token, and by implication an Uncle Tom. Such talk is liberal racism and every bit as contemptible as unhyphenated racism. But it carries its own punishment: the further disaffection of millions of American blacks from liberal politics.

Ultimately, however, the importance of Supreme Court Justices is not in the image they offer but in their workaday decisions that affect our lives. Clarence Thomas's (and George Bush's) legacy will be defined not by his pigmentation, but by his written opinions and by whether he contributes to the transformation of the Supreme Court into a responsible interpreter of the Constitution.

On the basis of what is known, there is every reason to believe that Judge Thomas will live up to his promise. Truth be told, however, his public record on issues other than civil rights is still more Souteresque than Borkian. So it is vital that conservatives, during these brief moments of accountability in the judicial-selection process, should participate fully in public dialogue with the nominee. Unlike the liberals, however, our aim should be to learn not what Judge Thomas thinks about abortion, South Africa, contraception, and funding for the arts, but what he thinks about the role of the judicial branch within our constitutional system.

## No More Sarajevos

THE BUSH ADMINISTRATION, after an initial period of stubborn support for Yugoslav unity at all costs, has shifted toward accepting the independence of the breakaway Croat and Slovene republics if it can be accomplished peacefully. It is a welcome change, and none too soon. Whatever the complexities of this affair, the United States cannot possibly remain in the position of supporting Communist-dominated central authorities against pro-Western peoples democratically seeking to exercise their right of self-determination.

But intellectual and bureaucratic inertia always favors the status quo. The Helsinki Final Act of 1975 reflected the bias then shared by all states, Western as well as Eastern, for the post-1945 settlement of borders. The replacement of illegitimate Communist regimes with democratic governments in the East did not change this bias. The ethnic and national antagonisms throughout the region were seen as having such an explosive potential that—apart from German reunification, an exceptional case—the reopening of boundaries was shunned as threatening destabilization of the entire continent.



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The fact is that these fears are exaggerated, inappropriate to today's conditions, and more the product of habit than of analysis. Indeed, there can be no stable outcome in Yugoslavia *other* than one based on acceptance of the legitimacy of its breakup.

Today is not 1914. If another Archduke were to be shot tomorrow in Sarajevo, no one would care. The European system is much better built, better insulated against the shocks of Balkan turmoil. Relations among the major powers are reasonably stable. And that should be our focus: Ethnic turbulence in the region is inevitable, pervasive, and insoluble; we had better get used to it. What we and our European friends *can* do is continue to ensure that the balance of power in Europe is secure enough to render such turmoil strategically harmless. It is not a coincidence that it is happening after the cold war has ended. Fear of Russian intervention in Yugoslavia or hegemony in the region is gone; the region's peoples would not be at each other's throats if the Russian bear were still menacing. By the same token, the strategic danger to us is mitigated.

The United States is right to be concerned that the process unfold peacefully in Yugoslavia. But that means deterring the army and central government from cracking down, not trying to bully the democratic republics into accepting an oppressive status quo. Nor should the United States be scared off by Gorbachev's complaints that Yugoslavia's breakup is a bad precedent for the USSR. On the contrary, we have zero strategic interest in preserving the Soviet empire. And, as in Yugoslavia, there can be no stable or legitimate outcome in the USSR that denies the republics their free choice.

Yugoslavia may indeed set the precedent, breaking the Helsinki taboo. It will be a chaotic process, but the arguments for opposing self-determination will have to rest on something stronger than the intellectual laziness of Western governments.

## The Struggle Continues

THE ANGOLA peace accords, signed in Lisbon on May 31, formally ended the 16-year Angolan civil war and set in motion a political process that is meant to lead to nationwide democratic elections in the fall of 1992. These accords represent a major success for American policy as well as for the anti-Communist UNITA movement headed by Jonas Savimbi. As might be expected, however, a highly successful U.S. policy is at some risk of being undermined by factions in Congress.

Under the accords, UNITA is responsible for administering the areas under its control until a new, democratically elected national government takes over. Troops are to be demobilized; refugees and other civilians are to be resettled; food, shelter, health care, and other basic services are UNITA's responsibility. The ruling party (the Marxist MPLA) has a similar responsibility for the areas under its control, but it has what might be politely called the advantages of incumbency.

The regime earns over $2 billion a year in hard currency from oil production; UNITA, while a successful guerrilla movement, runs on a cashless economy dependent on outside aid for much of its food, medicine, and other essentials. The regime controls the main urban areas, seaports, transport, industry, and communications media. It will maintain its grip on the country's formal political life until the new Joint Political and Military Commission develops the legal framework for free elections. After the accords were signed, the MPLA held a battery of parades and rallies in Luanda, plastering the capital with its posters and slogans. Opposition groups were, according to a *New York Times* report, "strongly discouraged" from doing the same. They face innumerable barriers to political organizing, while the regime has hired a Brazilian public-relations firm to get its message across.

In a fair electoral contest, nonetheless, UNITA is regarded as having a good shot at nationwide victory. Although UNITA's tribal base is among the Ovimbundu of the south, ten thousand people jammed a downtown square in Luanda when UNITA was permitted a rally. There is such widespread disgust at the MPLA's record of corruption and incompetence that even the slickest Brazilian PR techniques may not be enough.

But ensuring a level playing field depends on our help. Direct funding of UNITA's election campaign is not permitted, but U.S. aid is allowed (and necessary) to help UNITA meet its responsibility to minister to the people in the areas it controls. Likewise, an active U.S. role as election monitor—as called for by the accords—is essential.

But some in Congress opposed Savimbi even after the congressional ban on U.S. funding for UNITA was repealed. They now claim disingenuously that, with the end of the civil war, U.S. aid to Savimbi can stop. To follow that course would be both a tragedy and a travesty. There is no excuse for not providing economic and humanitarian aid to sustain our successful policy as it approaches a democratic outcome. Now is not the time to drop the ball.

## Private Grief

THERE IS a mix of womanly virtue and childlike innocence in Kimberly Bergalis that makes her approaching death of AIDS particularly moving. She could not have contracted the



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disease by any of the usual means, Miss Bergalis said, because she had never used drugs and never slept with a man. "I wanted to save myself for marriage. I wanted it to be special," she explained in television interviews, to looks of jaded disbelief.

Miss Bergalis is dying because her dentist, Dr. David Acer, decided it was not his duty to inform her that he carried the virus; in due course, he infected her and four other patients. She has therefore become a symbol for those who want medical workers to be under a professional or even legal obligation to be tested for AIDS and to disclose any such infection. As such a symbol she has come under criticism from those who would frown on any disagreement with the views expressed by (and on behalf of) Ryan White. But the criticism, it must be said, is expressed with exquisite taste and nervousness.

Thus Miss Anna Quindlen, who thinks about personal morality for the *New York Times* op-ed page, hears in Miss Bergalis's pain that "KA-BOOM" caused by "the right to privacy of one group of Americans running smack dab into the right to know of another." Miss Bergalis, then, is like a fetus under *Roe* v. *Wade*: a victim of the right to privacy. But Miss Quindlen feels compelled to explain to this particular victim, who is all too painfully a person, just how she would resolve this "KA-BOOM."

Upon discovering that her pediatrician had AIDS,

## RIGHT DATA

# The Rich Poor

WE ARE told that the poor got poorer during the Eighties. Virtually all sources show that the real income of poor families rose sharply until the mid Seventies, fell sharply under the Carter-engineered inflation of the late Seventies and early Eighties, rose again during the Reagan boom, but has not yet reached its Seventies peak.

But when economists look at what poor families actually *spend* rather than what they report as income, a very different story emerges, as a recent study by economists Susan E. Mayer of the University of Chicago and Christopher Jencks of Northwestern University shows:

**Income v. Spending Of the Rich and Poor**

| | 1961 | 1973 | 1985 | Percentage Change 1961–73 | Percentage Change 1973–85 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Per-Capita Income** | | | | | |
| Poorest 10% | $ 1,243 | $ 1,800 | $ 901 | 44.8% | –50.0% |
| Richest 10% | 18,688 | 29,240 | 32,382 | 56.5 | 10.7 |
| All Families | 6,504 | 10,017 | 10,313 | 54.0 | 3.0 |
| **Per-Capita Spending** | | | | | |
| Poorest 10% | $ 1,653 | $ 2,829 | $ 4,545 | 71.1% | 60.7% |
| Richest 10% | 11,749 | 13,991 | 16,965 | 19.1 | 21.2 |
| All Families | 5,265 | 6,657 | 7,745 | 26.4 | 16.3 |

While the reported income of the poorest families plunged 50 per cent between 1973 and 1985, their real expenditures rose a whopping 60.7 per cent over the same period. Indeed, real per-capita spending of poor families grew nearly three times faster than that of wealthy families over both the 1961–73 and 1973–85 periods. Expenditure inequality shrank even as income inequality appeared to grow.

There may be perfectly legitimate reasons why poor families spend more than their reported income. Many of them get money from sources which the federal surveys do not ask about, such as savings, loans, gifts, payments by boarders, subsidized housing, and Medicaid.

Most of the discrepancy, however, reflects the underreporting of income by poor families. People are increasingly reluctant to answer questions about income (response rates for federal economic surveys dropped from 95 per cent in 1948 to 72 per cent in 1985), and the volunteered answers are rarely honest. Mayer and Jencks cite a study of fifty Chicago welfare mothers that found not one was living entirely on her AFDC benefit or was reporting all her outside income to the welfare department. The unreported income was as large as the welfare benefit.

The link between reported income and living standards is tenuous, especially for the poor. More than half of the poorest tenth of all families owned a home in 1985, and decennial Census surveys show poor families were more likely to have a car, a telephone, an air conditioner, and a complete bathroom in 1980 than in 1970 despite stagnant or declining real income over this period.

The authors do not deny that material deprivation persists: survey data suggest that more families go hungry at some point in the year than lack a television. But this reflects the perverse priorities of consumers rather than the indifference of government.

—Ed Rubenstein



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she would "make sure that the doctor is meticulously careful, uses double gloves and fresh instruments, and washes hands assiduously." That is the "right answer" that "allows for mutual risk and advantage."

Miss Quindlen certainly has the right to make that choice for her children, even though we may wonder how she would supervise her pediatrician's hygienic practices on a daily basis. And recalling Camus's remark that, forced to choose between his mother and justice, he would prefer his mother, we might hope that our own mothers would prefer us to justice in turn. Perhaps it is to protect herself and us against such human weakness that Miss Quindlen wants to set aside our "right to know" and vest this painful decision in the doctor.

Other parents, however, might make a different moral calculation. Their judgment of the mutual risks and advantages might be that their children gained no advantage whatever from being treated by a doctor with AIDS but took on the slight risk of Kimberly Bergalis's terrible fate. On the other hand, the doctor, being both exposed to the normal temptations of self-interest and depressed by knowledge of his illness, might not be in the right dispassionate frame of mind to shoulder the moral burdens of this choice on behalf of all his patients.

Miss Quindlen develops her argument further with a passionate demand for "principle and fairness." But we never discover exactly what principle is at stake or how it is fair to allow the party that is not taking the risk to take the decision. The principle running through—or, rather, underneath—her argument is never explicitly avowed.

It is the liberal conviction that any measure to restrain the spread of AIDS that does not simultaneously endorse the agenda of organized gay and AIDS groups is probably inspired by anti-homosexual bias. In fact, the arguments in favor of testing medical personnel imply the opposite of such prejudice. Since the purpose of the test is to prevent transmission of AIDS through medical treatment, it suggests that AIDS is *not* specifically a "gay disease." And the likelihood that doctors, whether straight or gay, who were found to be infected would lose their patients reflects not a prejudice against them, but fear of a terminal illness that, at worst, is exaggerated when set against the statistical risks. A "privacy" that places others at risk instead of asking "What measures can we take to avoid harming another Kimberly Bergalis?" is at best evasive.

### *The Recession Is Over*

As the banks, like a moribund whale,
Leave depositors loath to inhale,
    And they spoon *eau de vie*
    Down the FDIC,
Mr. Brady continues to bail.

W. H. VON DREELE

## Ex Uno, Plus

THE flugelman of multiculturalism has been New York State Education Commissioner Thomas Sobol, who asked a panel of 24 educators to come up with new guidelines for history and social-studies curricula. Most of the specific suggestions embodied in their report, "One Nation, Many Peoples," were cosmetic: stop using "Far East" and "Middle East," since they mean east of Europe; refer to "slaves" as "enslaved persons"; and so on. But the basic thrust—rejecting an "Anglo-American model of assimilation" in favor of "a right to diversity"—was serious enough, and provoked a powerful dissent from panelist Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who said the report was "saturated with *pluribus* and neglectful of *unum*."

There is certainly room, as Professor Schlesinger conceded, for improving the teaching of American history by including the real achievements of groups once disparaged or neglected. What multiculturalism often dictates, however, is eccentricities and outright falsehoods. One leading advocate (and member of an earlier Sobol panel), Dr. Leonard Jeffries, chairman of the Africana Studies Department at New York's City College, believes that whites are violent because white skin lacks melanin. Other multicultural emphases display a curious historical astigmatism. It is wrong for schoolchildren to learn, as many now do, of Martin Luther King before they learn of George Washington, not because King's achievement was inconsiderable, but because it was so much less considerable than Washington's.

Multicultural schemes like Sobol's prove how right conservatives were to push for vouchers and parental choice. Most parents, whatever their ethnic background, want their kids to master the English language, and to learn that Washington prayed at Valley Forge. That kind of knowledge is something increasingly rare in the feverish and artificial world of public education.

But some of the parents who opt for alternative schools may wish to impart the lunatic dogmas of such as Leonard Jeffries. If so, conservatives will reflect that diversity is an old feature of American life, even if it is not quite the salient feature that multiculturalists would have it. Diversity through choice would certainly be less disruptive than having the myths of multiculturalism fed to *all* schoolchildren by a state monopoly.



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## NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Just a passing thought. Do you suppose that gang of homosexual activists that created such an uproar in St. Patrick's Cathedral is—in addition to being anti-Catholic—heterophobic?

Sincerely yours,
John Cody
Pittsford, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Cody: Surely that makes one a misanthropist? Cordially,
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In "Notes & Asides" [June 10], in reply to Mr. Dearborn's admonition that you ought not to start sentences with "and," you cite the authority of the first chapter of Genesis.

A relevant point is that the King James scholars were translating the Hebrew vowel *vav*, with which these verses begin. That vowel is often used as the conjunction, in which cases it should be translated as "and." In these verses, however, and characteristically in many passages in the Bible, *vav* has a different grammatical function: that of indicating a change in the tense of the verb. Thus, the phrase that could be literally translated as "*And* God *will* say: Let there be light," should be rendered "God said: Let there be light."

Since the King James translators chose instead to translate the *vav* that signifies tense change literally as the conjunction "and," their authority for your use of "and" at the opening of sentences is debatable.

This does not impugn the quality of the high schools they attended. Martin Buber, in the translation of the Bible he carried out with the collaboration of Franz Rosenzweig and Nahum Glatzer, began these sentences with the German *und*. Then, in the final year of his life, Buber decided to rectify this. He eliminated each and every *und* at the beginning of sentences that had translated a *vav* marking a tense change.

Are there not other well educated persons you can claim as the source for the high scholarly right to begin a sentence with an "and," without invoking the ambiguities of deciphering divine language?

Yours sincerely,
David Sidorsky
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Sidorsky: Thank you for your erudite note. But remember my point, which isn't that the King James scholars correctly translated from the original, rather that they were the most influential writers in English history in the matter of usage. The general rule is not to begin a sentence with "and," the particular rule is that writers with a good ear know when to break the general rule. Cordially,
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As a librarian, I often find myself wandering about the stacks. Recently I came upon a prophetic cartoon from the pages of *Punch* magazine dated 1845. Surely things have changed very little. Albany is still the residence of highwaymen; and legal plunder is still the preferred method of political exchange.

Yours,
James L. Sauer
Director of Library
Eastern College
St. Davids, Pa.

STAND AND DELIVER!

■ Dear Bill:

The expression "hoist with his own petard" is used by *NR* with sufficient frequency as to approach triteness. Why the hell "hoist," a perfectly useful verb never meant to connote injury?

Sincerely,
Victor R. Matous
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Vic: Aren't you confusing this with heist? And there is certainly an injury to the victim there, unless he was heisted by his own petard. Cordially,
**—WFB**



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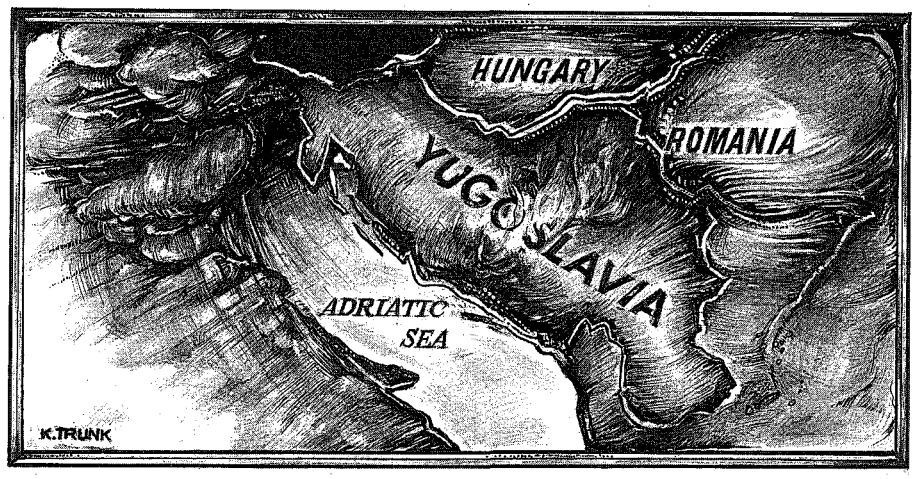
# ON THE SCENE

## Yugoslavia at Breakpoint

NOEL MALCOLM




Katherine Trunk

LJUBLJANA

I WAS asleep when Slovenia declared independence, but even if I had been awake I don't think I would have noticed. The declaration had been brought forward by several hours, and was made just in time to appear in the next morning's Slovenian newspapers. And if I had not bought a paper, I still would not have known that this was the first morning in the history of independent Slovenia. There were no flag-wavers in the streets of Ljubljana, not even any crowds of excited gossipers at the newsstands. A proud blue emblem was displayed in every shop window; but when you got closer you could see that the words on it were not "Republika Slovenija" but "American Express."

That evening, there was an official celebration in the square in front of the parliament building. There were speeches, songs, brass-band music, and fireworks; but the atmosphere was relaxed and somehow unpolitical. As the crowd began to disperse and the brass band packed up its instruments, the giant screens round the square began playing a pop video, of a rock group called The Cult. Someone in the crowd was waving an American Confederate flag. It seemed more like an invitation to Disneyland than a call to arms. Earlier in the evening, two Yugoslav air-force jets had swooped over the city in low, loud, arrogant circles. "They are playing childish games," said a Slovenian businessman I was interviewing. "Just ignore them and they will go away."

Why did it all seem so unreal? Partly because the Slovenian government itself had done curiously little to make a clean break with the rest of Yugoslavia. When Slovene officers took over the customs posts at the borders that day, they continued to collect the Yugoslav federal customs. At the first press conference that morning, the minister of information, Jelko Kacin, explained that although the border crossings by road and rail would be manned by Slovenians, the federal army would continue to patrol the "green zone," the strip of land, three miles deep, behind the border in open country. High-altitude air-traffic control would also remain with the federal authorities. And as for Slovenian money, the long-expected new unit of currency, the *lipa*, simply failed to appear. A government spokesman explained that Slovenia would continue to use the Yugoslav *dinar*, adding rather feebly that when Norway separated from Sweden it took several years to establish a currency of its own. It was hard to tell what the reason was for all these half measures: perhaps incompetence in the case of the currency, and on other matters a genuine willingness to negotiate. Although Slovenia had, as later events showed, made some preparations for war, she was not trying hard to start one.

When news broke of the tank maneuvers round Ljubljana the following morning, the atmosphere changed, but only a little. A few buses and heavy trucks were parked near government buildings, and some improbably young-looking territorials with machine-guns stood at street corners; otherwise, life went on as normal. Even when the defense minister, Janez Jansa, turned up at a press conference in combat fatigues with a shiny leather holster on his hip, it seemed hard to believe that this 33-year-old ex-reporter was now directing something like a small-scale war. One American journalist asked him if he could read the casualty figures more slowly, "you know, like General Schwarzkopf"; the press conference rocked with laughter. Only the threat of air raids on Ljubljana itself changed the mood dramatically.

The sheer normality, to Western eyes, of life in Slovenia and Croatia makes it more difficult for us to understand what is happening there. We are used to seeing Third World peasants with machine-guns, and are familiar with the idea of the grey, oppressed masses of Communist states rising against their masters. But people like us, manning anti-aircraft guns on the tops of buildings where the ground-floor shop windows are full of American Express stickers: as Judge Brack says at the end of Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*, "Good God, people don't do such things!" So, oddly enough, their claim to be fighting in defense of liberal, Western values strikes us as almost unreal precisely because they look so liberalized and Westernized already. Would we prefer it, then, if they were marching in massed formations, dressed in quaint national costumes and singing ancient hymns?

Old-fashioned atavistic nationalism has not disappeared from Slovenia or

*Mr. Malcolm is political correspondent for the London* Spectator.



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Croatia (especially not from Croatia), though it no longer dresses up in peasant costumes. But it has become intertwined with a desire to identify with the West which is almost internationalist in its implications. Ask any Croat politician why Croatia needs to be independent, and he will start talking about the great historical dividing-line which runs between Croatia and Serbia: Western culture, Catholic Christianity, and (to use a favorite Croat adjective) "civilizational" values on the one side, and Ottomanized society, the Orthodox Church, despotism, and Communism on the other. As a piece of historical analysis this is grotesquely over-simple, and there is something morally repugnant about the way it dooms all liberal, Western-looking, anti-Communist Serbs to a historically predetermined failure. But as a device to unite Croatia's two strands of nationalism—ethnic anti-Serbian hostility, and the desire for a modern, Western economy and society—it is highly successful.

As the death toll rises, the older form of nationalism, with its hatreds, its historical certainties, and its ethnic absolutes, is likely to predominate, because it carries the greater emotional charge. There is a common view in the West that these ancient animosities have been the real problem all along, and that any talk by Croat and Slovene politicians about democracy and market economies has been just a smokescreen. The implication of this line of thinking is that things were better under Communism, because at least the Communist system kept nationalism under control: Yugoslavia's present crisis, therefore, is an inevitable consequence of the removal of Communism.

This argument is deeply unconvincing. It would be far truer to say that it is the failure to remove Communism completely from Yugoslavia that has caused the present crisis. With its comparative openness and freedom of travel to the West, Yugoslavia could and should have been the first country in Eastern Europe to dismantle Communism. When mass demonstrations in Montenegro (which is ethnically Serbian) and the Vojvodina (which is ruled by Serbia) forced the local Party bosses out of office in 1988, many of the demonstrators thought they were bringing about far-reaching reforms of the corrupt Communist system. But instead their concerns were hijacked by one faction in the Serbian Communist Party, led by Slobodan Milosevic (now the Serbian president), who realized that Communism was losing its legitimacy and turned to Serbian nationalism as a way of preserving and extending his power. It is this lopsided survival of the Communist political tradition, with its artificial stimulation of Serbian nationalism for its own internal purposes, that has set the present series of nationalist conflicts in motion.

In the realm of pure theory, one can still talk about how to construct a modern, peaceful, democratic federal Yugoslavia. In practice it is too late. Too many things would need to be changed now to make that possible. The present federal system has been shown up as ineffectual, manipulated or bypassed by the old power structures of the Serbian political establishment (which has undermined the federal economic reforms of the last two years) and the army (which now seems out of control). It is possible to be anti-Communist without being anti-federal, or anti-federal without being anti-Serb; but after the events of the last few days, the vast majority of Croats and Slovenes are implacably anti all three.

They continue, however, to be pro-Western, bewildered though they are by the attempts of Western governments to lecture them on the benefits of remaining in a federation which they now find abhorrent. The idea that forcing these two countries back into a federal political system would actually increase the "stability" of the area belongs to the realm of superstition, not to rational politics. The only way to recover anything resembling stability now is for the West to recognize Croatia and Slovenia as quickly as possible, and to encourage them to complete on generous terms the unfinished negotiations over their exit from Yugoslavia. The European Community and the United States still have an enormous moral authority over the Slovenes and Croats, who desperately wish to think of themselves as fully Western. But if we continue to reject their claims to independence, we shall only weaken the Westward-looking aspect of their nationalism, thereby helping to turn them into the very kind of resentful, vendetta-obsessed isolationists that Western policy-makers should most fear. □

# The Democrats' Lee Atwater

WILLIAM McGURN

WASHINGTON, D.C.

IN 1988 the Republican Party felt that its best shot at a Democratic Senate seat was in New Jersey, where a lackluster Senator Frank Lautenberg was up for re-election. Against him the GOP fielded the Perfect Résumé: former West Point cadet and brigadier general Pete Dawkins, Heisman Trophy winner, Rhodes Scholar, Wall Street wizard, and all-American boy. In his opening television ad, Dawkins avoided the issues and tried to capitalize on his wholesome image by appearing in a sports jacket and saying how much he loved New Jersey. Enter James Carville, a down-and-dirty Louisiana-born lawyer turned Democratic consultant. Carville picked up 21 seconds of Dawkins gushing about Jersey and put it in a Lautenberg commercial followed by the kicker: "Come on, Pete, be real." As Carville told the *Wall Street Journal*, "We took a poll afterwards and [Dawkins] was gone. I mean, you could stick a fork through him and he was done."

Not for nothing has Carville earned the nickname "the Ragin' Cajun." A former altar boy in a leper colony back in his hometown of Carville, Louisiana ("it was named after my grandfather, the local postmaster, but I used to tell girls we were plantation barons"), he specializes in a bare-knuckle game that takes so-so politicos like Lautenberg and turns them into real candidates. Carville has installed Democrats in the governor's mansion in Pennsylvania, Kentucky, and Georgia, and turned nobodies into contenders in Texas—leaving a trail of scorched opponents in his wake.

In so doing he has earned some no-

*Mr. McGurn is* NR*'s Washington bureau chief.*



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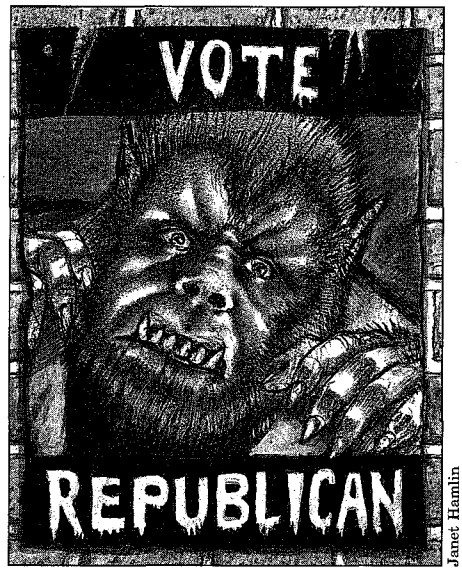
toriety. *Campaigns and Elections* magazine has taken note, and Carville was all set to win the Campaign Manager of the Year award from the American Association of Political Consultants last year until a squabble over whether to name the award after Lee Atwater led it to issue no award at all. Ken Bode of DePauw University's Center for Contemporary Media says that "Carville is to politics what Hunter Thompson is to journalism," yet while Lee Atwater's antics made him a household word, the 46-year-old James Carville remains unknown outside the small circle of political groupies, many of whom have learned about him only since he started dating Mary Matalin, the Republican National Committee's chief of staff.

Given existing biases this probably won't change, even though Carville has just been signed up to run the election campaign of Senator Harris Wofford, the genteel Pennsylvania Democrat named by Governor Bob Casey to replace Republican Senator John Heinz, who was killed in a plane crash in April. An old-line liberal activist and former college president who helped found the Peace Corps, Wofford was crusading on civil rights before Martin Luther King heard the term; indeed, he is credited with getting presidential candidate John F. Kennedy to call Coretta King when her husband was sweating it out in a Georgia pokey for leading a demonstration. That a man like Wofford would hire a man like Carville reveals a lot about Beltway mores these days: first, that whatever else they may be, the Democrats are serious about winning; second, that when it comes to "negative campaigning," only Republicans come under national scrutiny for their actions.

"I think he's tough, I think he's aggressive, I think he will do anything to win, and I don't say that in a derogatory fashion," says Ed Rollins, former head of the National Republican Campaign Committee. "But there's no question that he benefits from a double standard where it's always okay for the other side to do it."

Carville has managed to escape attention partly because he avoids the limelight; he emphasizes fundamentals like opposition research, and you don't see him on TV the way you see high-powered GOP consultants. But partly it's because Republican hardball is reported differently from Democratic hardball. Lee Atwater's "jumper cables" remark about a candidate who had undergone shock therapy aroused an indignation that the girl-and-daisy-and-mushroom-cloud commercial used against Barry Goldwater never did. *The New Republic* has done a cover story on GOP consultant Roger Stone ("State of the Art Sleazeball"). Roger Ailes was compared to Darth Vader on *Larry King Live*. And while everyone in creation knows what Atwater did with Willie Horton, how many people outside Pennsylvania know about Carville's attacks on William Scranton as a pothead? How many outside Texas know about his attack on Ann Richards during the primary campaign, implying she had the endorsement of death-row inmates? And how many outside Kentucky know that Carville leaked the story that Republican contender John Harper's son had been shot dead in a burglary ten years earlier—this in the last days of a campaign, when Carville's candidate was 33 points ahead?



Janet Hamlin

Carville does not cover himself with the usual pieties. When asked if there is anything he has regretted doing in a campaign, he talks about tactical mistakes in races he lost. He defends himself in the Harper case by saying that he mentioned the dead son only because the Republicans were talking about his candidate's brother-in-law. He pokes fun at the turned-up noses in the editorial columns of America's prestige press: after reading a *Washington Post* op-ed by a political lobbyist identified as a "public-affairs and public-policy counselor," for example, Carville wrote a letter to the editor at the end of which he identified himself as a "facilitator of democracy." And he forsakes the usual Democratic moaning about Lee Atwater, whom he talks about in the same tone of voice that Patton might have used to discuss Rommel.

"In a democracy, politics is appropriately confrontational," he says. "You should be able to draw distinctions between opponents. And if a candidate is not able to answer a charge, that says something about the candidate."

Not all of Carville's campaigns have panned out. In 1984 in Texas, Carville managed the campaign of then-State Senator Lloyd Doggett against newly minted Republican Phil Gramm in a race for the U.S. Senate, and Carville admits that after blasting Gramm for everything under the sun, he got his "butt kicked" when Gramm responded in kind. He also notes that a remark he made at the time—that "the whole tide of history has shown that if you lie loud enough and long enough, no matter how ludicrous the lie is, people will believe it"—often quoted by Republicans today as a Goebbels-like statement, was pulled out of context: he said it, as the original UPI story makes clear, in response to a Gramm charge about Doggett advancing the cause of gay rights.

In Kentucky in 1990 Carville made a similarly unbuttoned remark when a *Louisville Courier Journal* reporter asked him about the legislature's plan to push a sales tax instead of Governor Wilkinson's own tax plan. He responded by saying he couldn't believe "those dumb —— walked into that thing." Although the remark caused such a storm that Carville had to leave town (a Democratic legislator likened him to Rasputin in a floor speech), the circumstances justify the substance of the charge if not excusing the language. If Republicans learned from Democrats like Carville instead of whining about him, they'd have their majority.

Of course, they'd have a better chance were the press not so selectively hostile. Were a Republican senator like Charles Grassley or Richard Lugar to hire a Roger Ailes, that would become a national story. Maybe Wofford's campaign will be a big story, but only because his opponent will be Attorney General Richard Thornburgh—not because a patrician liberal has brought in a good ol' boy to do the



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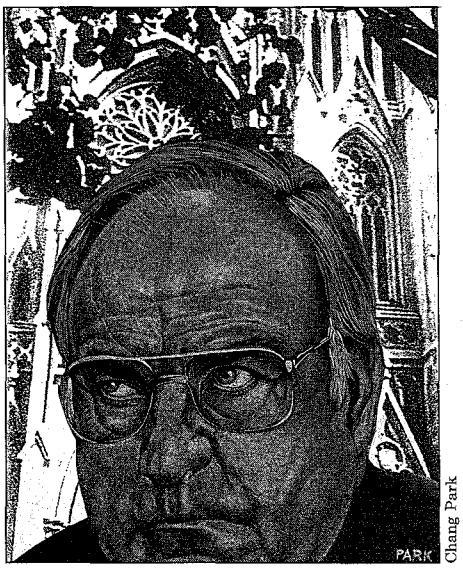
fighting. With Wofford way down in the polls, Ed Rollins says Thornburgh's people should expect Carville to "try and strip the bark off him." Whether he wins or not, Carville will make it one tough campaign. And we'll find out whether the *Washington Post* thinks that's a story in itself. □

# Christian Parties: An Oxymoron?

ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN



Chang Park

MUNICH

THE defeat of Germany's Christian Democratic party in regional elections this year—following the resounding defeat of the Austrian People's Party last year—should be a signal to all Christian parties in Europe that it is time to rethink their positions and reformulate their programs. Intelligent churchmen on the Continent always knew that the existence of Christian political parties was but a necessary evil; in their hearts many of them envied their brethren in the English-speaking countries, which do not have such parties.

"Christian democracy" arose out of a particular historical circumstance. When the French Revolutionists revived democracy after an interval of more than two thousand years, their parliament took on the anti-Christian, First Enlightenment character of its sponsors. Anti-clerical parties soon arose, and the faithful felt obliged to organize in turn. As democracy spread, so did Christian political parties. At first, most of these parties were Catholic, though in the Netherlands, for example, there were three denominational parties—a Catholic one (which, as a rule, commanded one-third of all votes) and two Calvinist ones, the Anti-Revolutionaries and the Christian Historics. (All three have since changed their labels and their composition.)

In Evangelical northern Europe, Christian parties were slower to develop than in the Catholic nations, where there was a real tradition of "anti-clericalism," and where behind the anti-clerical label there always lurked an anti-Christian sentiment. In the lands of the Reformation anti-clericalism did not exist, and thus there was not the same need to mobilize against anti-Christian forces and in defense of Christian values.

In Germany, the eventual impetus to do so came from the Brown tyranny, which Catholics and Lutherans jointly resisted. The old Center Party from pre-Nazi days evolved into the post-war Christian Democratic Union and Christian Social Union, the latter operating in Bavaria and the former in the rest of Germany. These two parties (which are separate but collaborate closely) played a crucial role in the rise of West Germany after the collapse of the Third Reich, and it was their leadership and Konrad Adenauer's foresight and vision that prevented a neutralized Germany of a socialist character from developing. The collapse of the German Democratic Republic was a posthumous triumph for Konrad Adenauer, none of whose epigones achieved his stature—including Helmut Kohl.

Yet how did this year's elections go so wrong for Kohl? He is, after all, the "Chancellor of Reunification"—the man who finally achieved what neither Adenauer nor Willy Brandt, with his *Ostpolitik*, could achieve—and he won a stunning mandate in last December's national election. Furthermore, one of the regions holding elections this spring—the *Land* (state) of Rhineland-Palatinate—is Kohl's home state and had been ruled by the Christian Democratic Union uninterruptedly since the war. And yet the Social Democrats trounced the Christian Democrats there, as they did also in two states (Hamburg and Hesse) where they already held power. The numbers in Rhineland-Palatinate were almost directly reversed from the numbers in the 1987 elections: the Social Democrats went from 38.8 to 44.8 per cent of the vote, and the Christian Democrats dropped from 45.1 per cent to 38.7 per cent.

The Christian Democrats' immediate problem, as the media diagnosed it, was popular anger with Kohl, who had promised that he would not raise taxes to finance the rebuilding of East Germany, and then reneged on that promise after his advisors took stock of the incredible depredations caused by socialism and realized that the entire infrastructure of the former GDR would have to be replaced or renewed. Kohl indeed promised the people something that he must have known (though so should they) that he could not stick to. But this is only a symptom of a larger problem.

The Left—in Germany as elsewhere—has a great strength: it has a "language" of its own: not just an enticing vocabulary but also a fairly coherent *Weltanschauung* with a specific direction. It is precisely here that the Christian Democratic parties are weakest: they invoke Christian values but are afraid to represent them in an uncompromising spirit. They lack character; they have no definite profile, and they also try to gain votes from "moderate," uncommitted elements. This is natural, since all parties have only one real aim: to gain votes. And yet it is dangerous in a party professing to be the political representative of a church.

Christian parties have an important role to play, yet they are not a boon to the churches. The misdeeds, corruptions, errors, and miscalculations of these parties are always laid at the door of the church with which they are connected. This is what Pope Leo XIII had in mind when, in the encyclical *Graves de Communi*, he expressly forbade the use of the term "Christian democracy" in partisan politics. Political parties come and go, but the churches remain and have to take the blame for "their" parties. □

*Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn, an* NR *Contributor, is the author of* Leftism Revisited.



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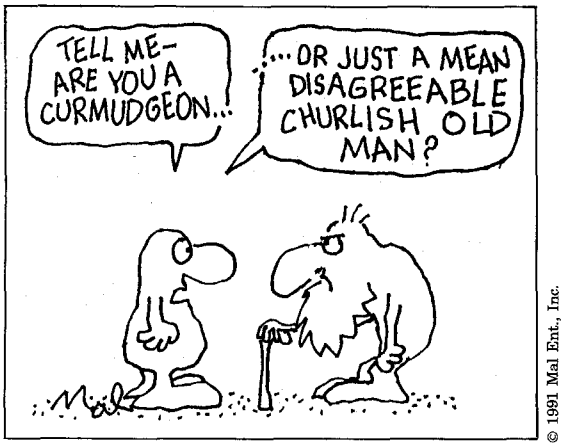

LOOKS LIKE THEY FINALLY CRACKED DOWN ON JOHN SUNUNU'S TRANSPORTATION!
6/17/91 THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER COPLEY NEWS LEADER
CORRELL

### *On Being Countercyclical*

When business falls around one's socks
And blue chips sag like frumpy frocks,
Lord Keynes prescribes a heavy dose
Of big-time spending till the gross
Flows from incarnadine to black,
But everybody's out of jack.

W. H. VON DREELE

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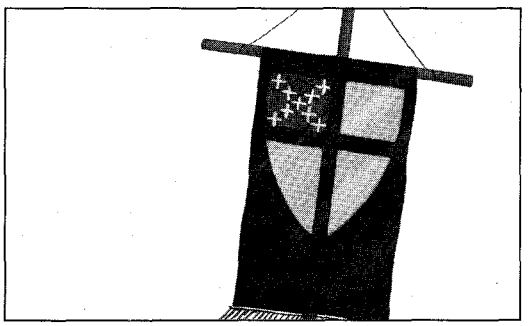
# ARE THERE EPISCOPALIANS IN FOXHOLES?



What in Heaven's name is happening to the Episcopal Church? Listening to Bishop Spong, and looking through the new Prayer Book, one might wonder how much Heaven has to do with it.

**RICHARD BROOKHISER**

THE Right Reverend John Shelby Spong, Bishop of Newark, may be the most famous Episcopalian in America outside of the Bush family, so when I found that he was to preach an Easter sermon in a church in his diocese, I went to listen. The church proved to be a small, postwar brick building in a medium-rent residential neighborhood. This was the first surprise, for we too often associate Episcopalians with the robber-baron power churches of the big cities or the hunt country. This was not a seventy-year-old structure trying to look seven hundred years old. Hence, it was typical, not stereotypical. When you drive along the back roads of America and see the pale blue and white metal signs with the cross of St. George and the message, "The Episcopal Church Welcomes You," this, in most cases, is the kind of church doing the welcoming.

The second surprise was Bishop Spong himself. Bishop Spong is famous for being a political and ecclesiastical windmill. If there is a breeze, it puffs his sails. Bishop Spong has denied the Virgin Birth and forsworn the right to preach to Buddhists or Moslems; he has ordained active homosexuals, and described St. Paul as a repressed one. The notion that all this represents mere trendiness is untrue: the bishop has a definite theology, of which more later; from it, all his headlines logically flow. But neither the theology nor the newsbreaks were on view Easter morning.

He spoke with a mild form of a mild Southern accent (he was born in North Carolina; his mother was a fundamentalist). For the most part, his message was one that was probably being delivered in half the churches in America that morning, and that is probably 19 centuries old: he was arguing the Resurrection's uniqueness from the change it wrought in the behavior of the disciples. "What happened on Easter that was strong enough to make them strong enough to die before they would again deny this Jesus? What does it take to turn cowards into heroes? I don't know that anyone can tell you exactly what happened on that day, but it was powerful and life-changing. . . . In the twentieth century, Easter calls you to go beyond the limits of human experience, to find the power of the experience that changed human history." Then a confirmation, communion, a hymn, and so home.

That one agnostic sentence (*I don't know that anyone can tell you exactly what happened*) was really the only time he tipped his hand. You had to be following the thread carefully to notice where it unraveled.

The Episcopal Church has been less able to hide its unravelment. In 1960, it had more than 3.25 million baptized members, and a contemporary reference book declared that "the recent pace" of half a million new members per decade "shows no sign of slowing down." By 1970, membership still stood at just over 3.25 million. By 1980, it was under 2.8 million. By 1989, the last year for which figures are available, it had sunk below 2.5 million. Today the flacks at Episcopal headquarters are happy if the pace of decay shows signs of slowing down.

The Episcopalians are not the only faltering church in the Anglican Communion. The Church of England draws little more than a million people to church on Sundays—fewer than their countrymen who go to Catholic Mass. Englishmen increasingly bypass the national church to hatch, match, and dispatch; from 1960

*Mr. Brookhiser, an* NR *Senior Editor, is the author of* The Way of the WASP.



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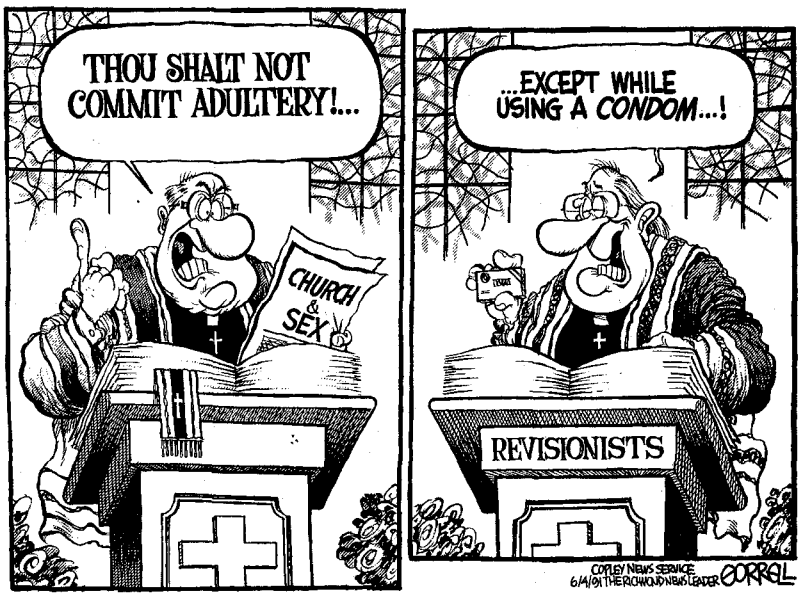
to 1982, the number of infant baptisms dropped by over a third. As Philip Larkin wondered, "When churches fall completely out of use / What shall we turn them into?"

This April, the Church of England made a bid to avoid Larkin's question by enthroning George Carey, Bishop of Bath and Wells, as the 103rd Archbishop of Canterbury. A teenage convert to Christianity, the 55-year-old Carey is a firm evangelical, who knows exactly what happened on Easter: "I believe that Jesus was crucified, buried, and that His cold, dead body was raised alive by God." He also believes that the most divisive issue facing the Church of England—the ordination of women, a step the Episcopal Church endorsed in 1976—must be decided in favor of ordination. In a *Reader's Digest* interview before his enthronement, he went so far as to call resistance to ordination "a most serious heresy." Since the remark implies that his 102 predecessors were heretics, Carey quickly apologized for his language—though not for his convictions. If that shot from the lip is an indication, Carey's primacy, which will last into the next millennium, may only replace stagnancy with turbulence.

When placed in its social context the Church of England's debility is not surprising. The general level of religious practice in Britain is low, as it is throughout the industrial Western world. That fact cannot explain the state of the Episcopal Church, however, for, as survey after survey shows, the United States bucks the secular trend. There are exceptions within the exception, of course: American churches that languish, even as others hold their own, or thrive. Why is the Episcopal Church among the basket cases?




## *Champagne Reputation*

OVER THE YEARS, the Episcopal Church has benefited from its champagne reputation, however many beer-bottle parishes it included. "Never forget," said the first Rector of St. Paul's School, "that in the life to come the Presbyterians will not be on the same plane as the Episcopalians." As late as the 1940s, Episcopal seminaries were "like the Union League Club," as one alumnus told me. "The beds were made by black staff. At breakfast, there was a servant we called Uncle Ben, because he looked like the man on the rice box, whose job it was to pop the toast of the Regius Professor of Greek."

The church also benefited from hard work. The church's most recent membership boom, which lasted from the Thirties to the early Sixties, was the result of industrious recruitment. The end of World War II was a cultural high point. T. S. Eliot was writing the "Four Quartets," C. S. Lewis had made his pilgrim's regress. FDR, a nominal Episcopalian, joined Winston Churchill, a nominal Anglican, in singing "O God Our Help in Ages Past" on the deck of *The Prince of Wales* when they met to issue the Atlantic Charter.

The flakiness of the Sixties hit Episcopalians hard, as it did the rest of the country. Cathedrals like St. John the Divine in New York and Grace Cathedral in San Francisco hosted rallies, happenings, light shows, and Sufi and Shinto services (they still do), while the national church shelled out cash to Puerto Rican nationalists and black-power groups. If the greening of America had been the only problem, the Episcopal Church might have weathered it. But in the late Seventies, the church showed public signs of severe internal crisis.

In Minneapolis, in 1976, the triennial General Convention accepted a top-to-bottom revision of the Book of Common Prayer, and approved the ordination of women (several women priests had already been ordained irregularly). The changes in the Prayer Book involved more than a loss of sonorous diction. The new Prayer Book played down the importance of sin. It also offered an array of alternative rites, as if emulating product diversification in the cigarette industry.

Traditionalists opposed the ordination of women on two grounds, believing that it transformed the role of the priest, and that it pushed Anglicanism further away from the Catholic and Orthodox churches. "When God became incarnate in history," says Robert Morse, a former rector of an Episcopal church in Oakland, "He became a male figure. Christ describes Himself as the bridegroom; the Church is the bride. The priest represents Christ. . . . For a little minority of then three million people to break any chance of reunion with Rome or Constantinople" by abandoning such symbolism unilaterally "was absurd." So vexed was the question that only six changed votes at the Convention would have blocked the measure.

After Minneapolis, the losers reacted in various ways. Some seceded; Morse is now Bishop of the Diocese of Christ the King, an independent Anglican church, with twenty thousand members. The Society for the Preservation of the Book of Common Prayer, which was founded in the Sixties as the new liturgy was being de-



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vised, continued to push for the right of parishes to use the old Prayer Book. Opponents of the ordination of women who stayed in the church banded together in a group called the Evangelical and Catholic Mission. The issue of women's ordination ratcheted up another notch in 1988 when the Diocese of Massachusetts elected as its bishop Barbara Harris, a black woman with no pastoral experience, thus scoring a twofer. (Making black women bishops is a different kind of typecasting from making black men pop toast, but it is typecasting nonetheless.) A year later, the leaders of the Evangelical and Catholic Mission called a Synod in Fort Worth to consider "how we shall be the Church within the Episcopal Church."

This is a triennial year, and the General Convention meets in Phoenix in July (in itself a judgment of God, traditionalists say). The Episcopalians will face two issues as far-reaching as those of 15 years ago.

The most enflamed is the question of homosexuality. This is one of the issues Bishop Spong has been out front on. In 1989, he set up a gay ministry in Hoboken and ordained J. Robert Williams, an open homosexual, to run it. Father Williams did not work out very well; he told an Episcopal conference in Detroit that monogamy was only "an option," and suggested that Mother Teresa might be more effective if she had had some sexual experience (whether gay or straight, he did not say). Bishop Spong canned him, but replaced him with another openly homosexual priest. This June, Ronald H. Haines, Bishop of Washington, D.C., coasting in Spong's slipstream, ordained an active lesbian.

The Convention will consider two proposals: one stating that each diocese is competent to discern who ought to be ordained (thus giving the Spongs their head); another recommending the blessing of homosexual unions. Bishop William C. Frey, dean of the Trinity Episcopal School for Ministry in Ambridge, Pennsylvania, calls the first proposal "inadvertently dishonest. While being asked to vote on issue A, issue B is lurking in the shadows." He has offered a proposal of his own: that all clergy ordained in the Episcopal Church "abstain from all sexual relations outside holy matrimony." William C. Wantland, Bishop of Eau Claire and a member of the Synod, sees the homosexuality issue as a last straw. If the recommendations pass, the Episcopal Church as we know it "would cease to exist. . . . There will always be an Anglican presence in America, but the Episcopal Church as presently constituted may not be it."

The second great issue, which concerns what is called "inclusive language," is not so hot, though its implications are equally profound. Six years ago, the General Convention asked the Standing Liturgical Commission to come up with language that would include women as fully as men. What it thought it would get, according to

## COMMONWEALTH OF CHURCHES

THE ANGLICAN Communion is often compared (by both its admirers and its detractors) with the British Commonwealth of Nations, the voluntary association of former colonies of the British Empire. The Communion is largely made up of English-speaking churches from these nations, and they often retain a startlingly English ethos in far-flung places.

It is the American Episcopal Church which most strikingly breaks the pattern. It repudiated the established church in the eighteenth century, and its bishops are descended from the Scottish Episcopal Church (hence the name) and not from the Church of England. Today, it still likes to show its independence, in a way which might be natural in a merely secular organization but which is profoundly damaging in a body whose unity is supposed to have a spiritual foundation. Again and again, the Episcopal Church has shown a tendency to pre-empt decisions which ought to be taken by the whole Communion together.

Every ten years, the world's Anglican bishops meet for the Lambeth Conference, the nearest thing world Anglicanism has to a decision-making body. The last two conferences met in an atmosphere of crisis, largely caused by the Episcopal Church: the first time (in 1978) over women priests, whom the Episcopal Church had ordained two years previously without consulting anyone else. Ten years later, the crisis was over women bishops: the Episcopal Church timed its General Convention, which was to decide this matter, not *after* the Lambeth Conference—so that it could listen to other Anglican churches first—but just before. The American bishops are not only twice as rich and twice as numerous as the English bishops (even though they represent a much smaller church): they are also twice as politically self-assertive. Some idea of how underrepresented some poorer but more spiritually thriving parts of the Anglican Communion are can be grasped from the fact, strange but true, that the province of Southern Africa alone has more communicant members than the whole of the Episcopal Church of the U.S.A., but that, nevertheless, it had only 12 votes at the Lambeth Conference in comparison with the 120 of the American church.

Many American bishops were opposed to American military intervention in the Gulf; but when it comes to fighting within the Anglican Communion, they have nothing to learn from Stormin' Norman. Over the women-priests issue, for example, the 1978 Lambeth Conference decided, under American pressure, that each province must respect the decisions of the others; this in no way deterred many American bishops from the most aggressive kind of proselytizing. More than forty of them refused to celebrate the Eucharist in England in the Lambeth summer of 1988, in "solidarity" with their sisters who were unable to exercise a priestly ministry in England (though

*Dr. Oddie is a former Anglican priest who recently converted to Roman Catholicism.*



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Father Alvin Kimel, a rector in Highland, Maryland, was sex-neutral language for human beings: no generic masculine pronouns, that kind of thing. What came out of rewrite instead was a supplemental liturgy that redefined God. "Father" language went, except in a few Greatest Hits like the Lord's Prayer and the Nicene Creed. So did references to "lordship" and "kingship" (too patriarchal). Finally, "creation" language was changed to "birth" language. "I have no trouble with feminine similes," Father Kimel says. "But God has named Himself" in revelation. The traditional language "was not our projection onto Him."

Father Kimel does not say the Episcopal Church might cease to exist. His foreboding is more gruesome. "I fear it could become a high-church Unitarian sect."

## *God without Jesus*

ON THE EDGE of every brawl stands some philosopher. The revolution in the Episcopal Church has been animated by a theology that has been afoot for half a century. The most convenient way of studying it is probably by reading *Honest to God*—29 printings since 1963 and still going strong—which as it happens was written by an Anglican, John A. Robinson, Bishop of Woolwich.

Robinson, taking his cue from German contemporaries such as Paul Tillich and Rudolf Bultmann, explained that the traditional notion of God was simply a crude physical metaphor (God as "up there" or "out there"). In its place, he offered a different crude physical metaphor, God as the Ground of Being. "It is that," Robinson quoted Tillich, "to which the words *Kingdom of God* and *Divine Providence* point. And if these words do not have much meaning for you . . . speak [instead] of the depth of history, of the ground and aim of our social life, and of what you take seriously without reservation in your moral and political activities. . . . The name of this infinite and inexhaustible ground of history is *God*." A concept so impersonal might seem to lack defining qualities, but happily for Robinson, the Ground of Being had a nature, which was loving. "[I]n love one comes into touch with the most fundamental reality in the universe." Therefore, "God, since he is love, is encountered in his fullness only '*between* man and man.' " (For this, they rewrote the Book of Common Prayer?) There was nothing brand new in *Honest to God*—Tillich had been teaching in America since 1934—and later in his life, Robinson backed away from his best-seller. But the book wrapped a lot of theology in a convenient package. One of the people who bought it was a youngish Episcopal priest, John Shelby Spong, who read the book three times during a summer of spiritual crisis.

in the event this gesture went virtually unnoticed).

The pressure does not stop at this kind of demonstration, as more than one African bishop told me before the 1988 Conference. "What happens is something like this," the former bishop of an African diocese told me. "A diocese in America has a great fund-raising drive for mission in Africa. A quite substantial sum is raised for an African diocese with which the ECUSA diocese is 'twinned.' This is how the money is spent. First, the American bishop has a trip to Africa, where he establishes warm relationships with the diocese. That's easy, they are very friendly people, it's not hard to like them. Funds are made available for some large diocesan project. Places are found and paid for for seminary training in America.

"An invitation to America follows for the bishop and his wife. They stay in swanky hotels; it's all very exciting. Then it comes: There's one more thing we would love to share with you, one of our greatest treasures: the priesthood of women. It's all very subtle. Nobody says, Ordain women or these funds will dry up. But you have the idea in the back of your mind. And one day there are going to be American-trained bishops. It's a long-term operation. And you become all the time more dependent on American money, we are so poor."

This fact of Anglican economic life had its effect on the arrangements of the 1988 Conference. A motion urging the American church to exercise restraint on the question of women bishops was voted on by secret ballot, because the proposers feared that the large African vote would be lost if the names of those voting against women bishops were revealed: not an unfounded fear, as one African bishop confirmed. "The ordination of women is not an issue for us," he told me. "If voting the wrong way here loses us desperately needed funds for a school or a hospital or a new church, we are going to toe the line."

In the event, owing to the heavy American representation at Lambeth, only 40 per cent of the bishops voted for restraint: nevertheless, that 40 per cent represented the overwhelming majority of Anglicans throughout the world. Despite this fact, and despite all the misgivings expressed at the Conference, within six months the American Episcopal Church had elected, confirmed, consecrated, and installed a woman bishop.

Today, the Anglican Communion survives in a condition of silent crisis, not the least cause of which is the repeated refusal of the American church to accept that membership involves any restraint whatsoever on its own actions. Now that Anglicanism has abandoned a common liturgy, with all its doctrinal safeguards, it is at the mercy of those who shout loudest and push hardest. The American Episcopal Church has abandoned Scripture and the Christian tradition as its own chief guides, and is slowly sinking into oblivion. There are many who fear that it will drag the Anglican Communion down with it.

—William Oddie



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*Meanwhile, in another church . . .*

It is odd, in three decades' retrospect, to think of people taking Robinson or even Tillich for the latest thing. They had not pushed their theology as far along the path of liberalism as Ralph Waldo Emerson had, more than a century earlier. Emerson, who began his career in a Unitarian pulpit, left the ministry when he decided that if the Ground of Being, or the Oversoul as he called it, was the goal, then we could get there on our own, without Jesus' help. "That which shows God in me," he told the Harvard Divinity School in 1838, "fortifies me. That which shows God out of me, makes me a wart and a wen."

Robinson and his models certainly hadn't gone as far as Nietzsche, though they played with Nietzsche's cover-story phrase about the death of God. For Nietzsche had decided that Being was an equally dead concept. "Existence has no goal or end; any comprehensive unity in the plurality of events is lacking. . . . One simply lacks any reason for convincing oneself that there is a *true* world."

Neither avant garde nor Christian, the new theology filled the needs of clerics and would-be clerics who, because of training and temperament, wanted to have "nice" thoughts, which they could nevertheless justify to bantamweight late German philosophers.

Every subsequent splashy innovation, and every bitter battle, has some kinship with postwar Anglo-German theology. Should the church rewrite the Prayer Book? Why keep an old one littered with crude physical metaphors? Should it ordain active homosexuals and bless their unions? If you believe that "God is an immanental hum, permeating everything," Steven Smith, an associate professor at Trinity, says sarcastically, then "when you're at your peak moments, that's where God is." The new theology is even ready to encourage wackadoo politics when the Sixties return again (which is not to deny that for many Episcopalians they never ended). For the relations "*between* man and man" in which love is encountered are obviously not only sexual, or even personal, but social. So the Ground of Being meets PC. As Isabel Carter Heyward, a leading light on the faculty of the Episcopal Divinity School in Cambridge, has put it: "Many fear that lesbian feminism poses a threat to the nuclear family, the economic order . . . and the high value of dominant–submissive relationship beginning with male property rights and extending to God the Father. Those who fear that this is what we are about fear rightly."

Why did Episcopalians fall so hard for all of this? One reason is that, as both Anglicans and Americans, they are averse to theology. Traditional Anglican thinkers, even the noblest, are more comfortable with history and worship than with first principles, while Americans want to get the job done. So the Episcopal Church was doubly vulnerable.

To the extent the church prized its comfortable social position, it was reluctant to engage in vulgar controversies. Sometimes this tropism toward gentility has comic results. Earlier this year, Presiding Bishop Edmond Browning signed an open letter to George Bush urging him not to lead America into the "abyss" of the Gulf War. But when Bush hosted a post-War White House dinner for Queen Elizabeth, who should be on the guest list but Bishop Browning, hangin' with the homeboys. When the subject was not dinner, but doctrine, Episcopalians avoided crucial struggles of definition until it was too late.

## *The Church as a Bridge*

A LAST POINT, related to both of the above, is the importance to the Episcopal psyche of the concept of bridging. Episcopalians, and Anglicans generally, saw themselves for the last century or so as a potential bridge between Protestantism, Catholicism, and Orthodoxy. Within their own church, they managed to join high and low churchmen, Anglo-Catholics and evangelicals. But the problem with bridges, as John Updike once observed, is that "they have no content, only traffic." When the post-Christians came along, the Episcopal Church was unwilling to deny them passage.

"Soon," one ex-Episcopal priest told me, with chop-licking *Schadenfreude*, "all that will remain will be a few well-endowed shrine churches, with people in frock coats showing visitors how WASPs once lived." Other fates can be imagined. A Spong-ized church, gaining velocity as it loses mass, may even dispense with the frock coats. Perhaps Anglicanism in America and England will be revived by Ugandans, as Rome has been rallied by a Pole.

Or perhaps, having hit bottom, the Episcopal Church will bring itself back. That would be a resurrection scarcely less astonishing than the first. □



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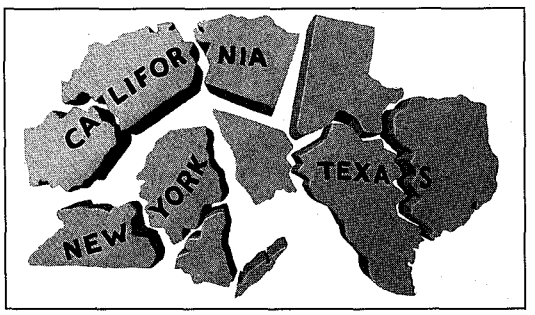
# DIRE STATES




In the Eighties most state governments imitated the Federal Government; now they blame it for their problems. In truth, they have only themselves to blame.

**STEPHEN MOORE**

IF THE 1980s were the best of times for state governments, the 1990s have so far been the worst. When Governor Mario Cuomo announced earlier this year that New York is "broke to the marrow of its bones," he could have been describing the sorry financial plight of thirty other states as well. Latest forecasts suggest that state governments may spend $30 billion more than they collect in taxes this year. Compared with the Federal Government's $350-billion deficit, this figure may seem like a rounding error, but for the states, which have historically had balanced budgets, it is unprecedented.

The one point that nearly all the governors and state legislators from Albany to Sacramento seem to agree on is that the fiscal deterioration is not their fault. The real villain, they say, is Ronald Reagan. Reagan is to blame because his economic policies—particularly deep cuts in federal aid to states and cities—have placed state governments in a fiscal straitjacket. The *New York Times* stated the conventional wisdom this way: "The seeds of the states' fiscal crisis were sown over the last decade or so. . . . The Federal Government has shifted a heavy financial burden to the states and cities, cutting or eliminating federal grants for housing, education, mass transportation, and public-housing projects."

Would that Mr. Reagan had been half as successful in cutting such programs as his critics give him credit for. The reality is that, like most other social spending, federal aid to states and cities was cut back temporarily in the early 1980s, but has subsequently rebounded. Since 1987, payments to the states and cities have leapt from $108 billion to $159 billion—a 20 per cent real increase. Today's state budget deficits can hardly be blamed on the Reagan reductions in federal aid that occurred eight to ten budget cycles ago.

Where the governors do have a legitimate gripe with Washington is in the area of mandated spending. Increasingly, states are being required by Congress to spend money on a wide variety of social problems from illicit drug use to homelessness to inadequate health care. Last year's budget-summit agreement dictated some $10 to $15 billion in spending by the states. This has become Congress's new form of "off-budget spending": since the feds can't afford to pay for new programs, pass the costs on to the states. But as onerous as these federal mandates are, they do not account for more than a fraction of the red ink pouring out of state capitals today.

No, the states spent their own way into the current budget crisis. According to the most recent Census Bureau data, state spending between 1982 and 1989 grew at an annual rate of 8.5 per cent, or almost twice the rate of inflation—a spending pace that almost makes the Reagan defense buildup pale in comparison.

How did governors get away with such profligacy? In truth the spending spree went virtually unnoticed in a decade when economic growth yielded tax windfalls that easily kept pace with increased outlays. Governors were able to hike state budgets to satisfy program constituents while still achieving balanced budgets. The subtle irony of the 1980s is that for all their complaining about Reaganomics, the prosperity of the era yielded manna from heaven for state governments. The Cuomos, Deukmejians, Dukakises, Keans, and Sununus proved ready and eager to spend it, in what became a genuinely bipartisan budget orgy.

## *Riches to Rags*

ANOTHER bitter irony in the states' riches-to-rags story is that just a few years ago many liberal commentators observed approvingly that the big-spending states had become the true laboratories of democracy, because of their willingness to appropriate funds to solve the nation's pressing social ills. These were the days of the Massachusetts Miracle, when nothing seemed unaffordable. Not surprisingly, it is the very states that launched the biggest spending buildup in the 1980s that are now teetering on the verge of bankruptcy. Average state budgets rose by a brisk 104 per cent in the 1980s. But in California and Virginia spending climbed by 120 per cent; in Massachusetts and New Jersey, 135

*Mr. Moore is director of fiscal-policy studies at the Cato Institute.*



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per cent; in Connecticut and Florida, 170 per cent. Today, all of these once highly esteemed states are awash in red ink; none of them seems nearly so innovative now.

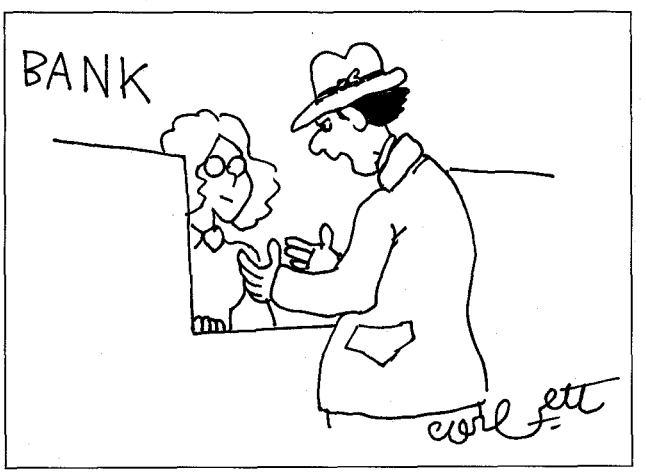
Where did the states' budgets expand most in the 1980s? Mainly in the big-ticket areas of corrections, education, health care, and welfare. For example, the states along with local governments doubled spending on education—from $89 to $188 billion—during the 1980s. Not only did this spending buildup coincide with falling enrollment, but there was also an almost perfect correlation between rising expenditures per pupil and declining test scores. What the money mostly bought was an enlarged education bureaucracy. In North Carolina, for instance, while the state education budget was doubling, the ratio of teachers to non-teaching education employees tumbled from 2 to 1 in the 1970s to 1 to 1 today. New York raised its per-student spending to $7,500 a year, about twice the per-student cost at superior private schools.

Most states hired at a furious pace. While the U.S. population grew by 9 per cent in the 1980s, state employment grew by 19 per cent. There are now 150 state employees for every ten thousand citizens—an all-time high. Meanwhile, in many states, compensation for teachers and other public employees rose over 50 per cent faster than private-sector pay.

In the welfare area, many states were able to hike benefits routinely without going over budget because the seven-year-long prosperity brought reductions in caseloads. The trouble started once the recession hit. It is no coincidence that the two states most deeply in debt, New York and California, offer the nation's most generous monthly welfare benefits—roughly $200 a month more than the typical state. In fact, New York spends $1,100 a year just to *administer* a welfare case.

Many of these states also spent lavishly on programs that can only be labeled white elephants. California spent $16 million a year on an arts council, $4 million on a Board of Cosmetology, $2.5 million on a Board of Home Furnishings, and $2.5 million on an Iceberg Lettuce Commission. Massachusetts purchased a modern sculpture for $35,000 and placed it in front of a state prison; today, it stands as a monument to the Massachusetts Miracle. In perhaps the granddaddy of all boondoggles, the state of Virginia recently helped Fairfax County build a palatial $100-million government center, complete with granite floors imported from Finland, mahogany imported from South America, and a $35,000 conference table. In defense of Fairfax County, it needed somewhere to put all the new government workers it hired in the 1980s.

Incredibly, in some states the spending boom has not ended yet. Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, North Carolina, and Texas have all seen their operating budgets grow by roughly 20 per cent in just two years, according to data from the National Association of State Budget Officers. The fiscal policies of the Southern states now closely resemble those of the Northeastern states in the 1980s—and they are producing the same unhappy results.




*"Insufficient funds? Boy, when you banks don't want to do something, you always have an excuse!"*

In some states, legislators have resorted to budget subterfuge to convince taxpayers that they are cutting back, when in reality the budgets are continuing to grow. This is the case in California this year. At last count, California's reported deficit had reached the stratospheric level of $14.3 billion. Governor Pete Wilson's compromise budget plan calls for roughly $7 billion in spending cuts and $7 billion in added revenues—mostly via increases in the sales tax—to close the gap.

In fact, the supposed budget cuts are as phony as a three-dollar bill; they represent reductions from a vastly inflated, wish-list spending baseline. Lewis Uhler, president of the National Tax Limitation Committee, has discovered that under this "barebones" budget plan, California spending in 1992 will expand by $6 billion, or more than 10 per cent. This is a one-year rise in spending larger than the entire budget of many states. In other words, Californians are being sold the largest tax increase in the history of state government for the sole purpose of funding new spending. This is the kind of budget ploy that only someone well schooled in the art of federal budgeting—as former Senator Wilson is—could hope to pull off.

## *Why Not Just Tax?*

AS THE California debacle illustrates, the preferred solution in many states is to avoid clashes with powerful interest groups—teachers' unions, government employees, hospitals, welfare providers, and the like—and to raise taxes instead. State taxes per person almost doubled—from $658 to $1,150—between 1980 and 1989. In 1990 the states enacted $11 billion in new taxes, a record; this year and next are expected to shatter that mark. If more revenues were the antidote to fiscal insolvency, then California, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Rhode Island would be sitting atop mountainous surpluses today. In fact, it is states that had only small increases in tax collections in the 1980s—Montana, Nevada, and Oregon, for instance—that are in the best health today.

Unfortunately, in most states the issue is not whether to raise taxes, but which taxes to raise. And the buzzword for the 1990s is "tax fairness"—the polite way to say, "Soak the rich." Lowell Weicker won't give up trying to introduce an income tax in Connecticut for the first time. Three other states—New Hampshire, Tennessee, and Texas—are considering an income tax, and 12 states may make existing income-tax codes more progressive.

Before they do, they would be wise to look at what happened in New Jersey. When Governor James Florio last year doubled the top marginal rate to 7 per cent for people earning over



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$75,000, one of the highest rates in the nation, the media cheered. New Jersey's ambitious income-redistribution program was to become a national showpiece—the launching of the new liberalism of the 1990s. So far the results have been sobering: surging state unemployment, a doubling of the business failure rate, sagging property values, and a taxpayer rebellion. Florio has become perhaps the most unpopular politician in America.

Middle-income taxpayers have been especially hostile to Florio's plan—to the puzzlement of liberals who expected them to be their allies in the soak-the-rich strategy. The liberals shouldn't be so perplexed. Raising income-tax rates is the surest way to chase businesses, jobs, and wealthy people out of a state, thus dumping more of the tax burden onto middle-income families. A study by the Joint Economic Committee of Congress has concluded: "Progressive taxation not only lowers the rate of economic growth compared with proportional or regressive taxation, but in the process hurts the very persons that progressive taxes are designed to help: the poor."

Skeptics who don't give much credence to such economic studies might be more convinced by Census Bureau data showing that from 1980 to 1989, one thousand people each day packed their bags and moved from the ten states that raised their tax burdens the most. In the 1980s millions of Americans voted for lower taxes, not at the ballot box, but with their feet.

### *The Alternative*

THERE IS a realistic alternative to the Florio–Weicker–Wilson budget-balancing strategy. This year, three first-term renegade governors, Democrat Doug Wilder of Virginia and Republicans John Engler of Michigan and William Weld of Massachusetts, propose to erase sizable deficits inherited from their predecessors through spending cutbacks alone with not a penny of new taxes.

These governors' growth strategy involves eliminating programs, laying off government workers, and privatizing services. To be sure, the budget cutting hasn't been much fun. In Virginia, Doug Wilder's catalogue of spending cuts has been as fiercely resisted by Republicans as Democrats, in a legislature where ideology and party affiliation are much less important than bringing home the bacon. John Engler has been crucified in Michigan newspapers for allegedly ripping the state's safety net and throwing welfare mothers onto the streets. So firmly entrenched are the special interests in Michigan that when Engler trimmed the budget of the arts commission, the mostly affluent arts community held repeated vigils in front of the state legislature in protest.

Whether Engler, Weld, and Wilder can succeed in cutting state budgets in the face of such political obstacles is still an open question. The 1980s showed that governors are more popular when they practice the politics of giving, rather than the politics of taking away. But after a decade of relentless spending on everything under the sun, state taxpayers may be finally recognizing the virtues of this new breed of fiscally conservative governors who have the backbone to just say no. □

## *DEATH OF A DYNASTY*

# CHINESE COMMUNISM TURNS SEVENTY

**ROBERT ELEGANT**

IN A Confucian society, the sixtieth birthday is celebrated most joyously and ostentatiously, for it is taken as denoting true maturity, and presaging further attainment—largely because the sage Confucius declared some 2,500 years ago: "At sixty, I saw all things with perfect clarity."

Pre-eminent among the societies shaped by the teachings of Confucius is China, which this month marks not the sixtieth, but the seventieth anniversary of the birth of its Communist Party. The last major political party that is unabashedly both Marxist–Leninist and totalitarian nominally exercises strict authoritarian control over the last major nation that is avowedly totalitarian.

The reality is, however, spectacularly different from the appearance. Peking celebrated the Party's sixtieth birthday a decade ago with great panache. In that portentous year, 1981, however, the Communists also repudiated the infallibility of Marxism–Leninism. The Party organ, the *People's Daily*, declared that the doctrine did not necessarily provide an answer to *every* economic, social, and political problem human beings faced.

As intended, that disavowal freed the Peking regime to experiment with modified free-market measures to replace the pathetically inefficient command economy China had built on the Soviet model. These measures worked well in both agriculture and industry—rather too well for the comfort of the Communist Party.

The problem is that one cannot be a little bit Marxist–Leninist, not if one expects to retain supreme power. Repudiating the universality of Marxism–Leninism eroded the authority of the Party center, just as questioning the spiritual tenets of the Anglican Church has eroded the authority of that hierarchy. In both cases, doubts among the faithful have hastened the erosion, but it began at the top.

Not solely *because* of the Chinese disavowal of the doctrine's infallibility, but, significantly, *after* that disavowal, the bureaucratic Marxist–Leninist parties of Europe crumbled—and with them the repressive regimes they had imposed. Led by that redoubtable cunctator Mikhail Gorbachev, diehards are striving to prevent the withering away of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. But wither it will.

Only the Communist Party of Chi-

*Mr. Elegant's latest book,* Pacific Destiny *(Crown), has just been published in paperback (Avon).*



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na, it seemed for a time, stood firm against the tide of decline. Its deeds were abhorrent, none more than the deed that demonstrated its contempt for the Chinese people and its disdain for the good opinion of mankind: the massacre in Tiananmen Square of students and workers demonstrating for no more than a voice in their own governance. But those merciless measures appeared to work.

The small clique of octogenarians who dominate the Chinese Communist Party hailed their victory over "the counter-revolutionary forces." They obviously believed that brutal application of armed force, followed by an equally ruthless and totally public campaign of terror against dissidents, had preserved their power and their privileges intact. Yet the spirits of the Communist Party are today almost as

low as they were in 1927, when the vestiges of the Party's regiments took to the hills to escape the Extermination Campaigns of Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists.

Only today, there is far less likelihood of a comeback. As Mao Tse-tung reputedly said, the people are the ocean and Communists are fish swimming in that water. The ocean of the Chinese people is today an inhospitable environment for the Communist fish. Most of the Chinese people hate the brutality of their unelected leaders—and despise the Communist Party for its incompetence.

Unlike fish, dynasties do not rot from the head, but from the edges. First the extremities go, then the vitals, and finally the head. Today in Communist China the extremities are going. Within the next decade, the head, too, will go. Once the wicked old men die, the Party will never be the same. At most, it will for a time resemble the Imperial Court in the dying decades of a corrupt Confucian dynasty. It will still exist amid much state, but it will exercise very little influence over the vast nation.

## *In the Beginning*

THE END the Communist Party is now approaching was implicit in its beginning. Seventy years ago this month, 12 men, none over 32, sat down in the muggy heat of Shanghai to charter that Party. The grandly named Inaugural Congress of the Communist Party of China convened on the second floor of a small house in the French Concession, probably on July 9 rather than July 1, the date now officially celebrated. The Communist International in Moscow, which provided the essential funds, also sent two representatives to guide the infant Marxist movement: a Dutchman whose *nom de guerre* was Maring, and his Russian assistant. But they were effectively excluded from the deliberations of the Congress.

The Chinese delegates were all soft-handed intellectuals. Almost alone, Mao Tse-tung, the junior delegate from Hunan Province, was *not* a student-leader. But neither was he a member of the working class or the peasantry. His father was a well-to-do farmer, and the young Mao had been employed as a clerk-assistant in the library of Peking University. The acting chairman of the Congress, Chang Kuo-tao, who was later to break with Mao, was also the son of a prosperous father.

None of those young men possessed more than the most rudimentary knowledge of Marxism, for the only canonical work translated into Chinese at the time was *The Communist Manifesto*. Yet those tyros in revolutionary conspiracy were so self-confident that they kept the Comintern's representatives at a distance far greater than arm's length. A special session convened solely to allow the foreigners to speak was broken up after ten minutes by a squad of French Concession police—and all the delegates fled. The concluding session was held on a luxurious houseboat on a holiday lake some distance from Shanghai. The foreigners were not invited.

Although men like Mao Tse-tung and Chang Kuo-tao subsequently acquired a sketchy knowledge of Marxism–Leninism, they always kept Moscow's envoys at a distance. Gold and arms they would accept, but hardly ever advice.

Despite power struggles, schisms, and constant attacks by the Nationalists, the Communist Party stumbled toward power over China. Yet, notwithstanding the Marxist bias in favor of the working class, the Communist revolution was little different in its tactics, even in its strategy, from a hundred other revolts of the countryside against the cities during the awesomely long course of China's history. All had promised redistribution of the land and lower taxes.

Like previous conquerors, the Party was mightily assisted by the complacency and corruption of its enemy—in this case, the Nationalist government. The Communists were also greatly assisted by the turmoil created by the Japanese invasion in the 1930s—and by the gullibility of foreign, chiefly American, reporters and readers, who hailed them as patriots animated by reformist zeal.

So they were. They were also a good deal more. Although the leaders of the Chinese Communist Party never mastered the convolutions of the muddled and flawed doctrine they professed, they believed themselves to be dedi-



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cated Marxist–Leninists. And they behaved as such.

In the international arena, that meant that China, with its hundreds of millions of people, invariably sided with the Soviet bloc. As Mao declared shortly after the People's Republic was proclaimed in Peking in 1949, China "leaned to one side." America might have tried harder to persuade the Chinese that their course was unwise, but such an attempt would probably have made very little difference in the face of Mao's zealotry—and world conditions.

The Chinese entered the Korean War to "resist American aggression." Later, they assisted the North Vietnamese greatly with arms, ammunition, technicians, labor battalions, and propaganda. In both cases, the Party believed that it not only was demonstrating "fraternal Socialist solidarity," but was also protecting China's frontiers. Even promoting worldwide revolution by guerrilla armies was considered an act of self-defense, as well as a doctrinal necessity.

That challenge to all existing order affronted not only the capitalist world, but even the orthodox Soviet bloc. China began to feel herself isolated. In the 1970s, a pathetic undertone was apparent in the defensive assertion plastered on walls throughout the country: "We have friends everywhere in the world!"

## *Forcing History's Hand*

MAO TRIED to force the hand of history at home as well as abroad. Not once but twice he threw China into total convulsion, attempting to create by deliberate action the idyllic society Karl Marx had envisioned as the final, natural flowering of the inevitable process of history.

Mao first sought to create the earthly paradise by means of the Great Leap Forward in Agriculture and Industry, with the attendant establishment of the Great People's Communes in which everyone would lead a truly "communal" life—that is, non-individual, non-familial, and non-propertied. Finding that human selfishness and cantankerousness balked him of that goal, he determined to create a new type of human being, a kind of secular Marxist saint, through the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. Having destroyed every vestige of the old society, including the People's Government and the bureaucratic Communist Party itself, those youthful saints would spontaneously enter into the Marxist paradise.

Famine and conflict, instead, arose from those utopian enterprises. Perhaps twenty million Chinese died as an immediate result of Mao's visions. Further, the cohesion of Chinese society was shattered, as was the productivity of both agriculture and industry. Faced also with international hostility, a powerful group within the Communist Party had decided, even before Mao's death in 1976, that fundamental reforms were necessary.

Those quasi-free-market reforms were set in train amid much conflict, which led, among other consequences, to the imprisonment of Mao's fourth wife, Chiang Ching, and finally to her suicide. By 1989, despite continuing conflict and horrendous inflation, it appeared that the Communist Party had set China upon a road from which it could not turn aside. Strains were apparent, and the atmosphere was markedly less free than it had been the preceding year: too many "stubborn old bones" either resisted economic reform or believed that liberalization of the economy could proceed within the old authoritarian political structure. Nonetheless, the Party and the nation were clearly moving together in the same direction.

Then the timorous old men saw that their authority, which was identical to the Party's authority, was threatened. They therefore crushed the students' and workers' movement for democracy with tanks and machine-guns in Tiananmen Square and deposed the liberal Secretary General of the Communist Party. Instead of stability and the revival of Party control over China, that violent suppression has been followed by instability and the further weakening of Party control.

"There does not seem to be anyone in China ready to forget or . . . to forgive," one authority wrote recently. As Qiao Shi, a senior member of the Politburo, confessed with despair in April: "The people have many grievances against us, some virulent."

An attempt to placate the people's anger has also failed. A Communist Party whose membership is now an unwieldy 49 million (some 4.5 per cent of the population) was to be purged of malefactors who preyed on the people. Yet less than 1 per cent of Party members have been punished or reprimanded. Clearly, the Party center cannot enforce its will on its branches in the provinces, much less on the Chinese nation.

## *Morale: Near Zero*

THE PEOPLE are simply not impressed by the public show of reform that acknowledged faults like corruption, incompetence, and sloth but did nothing serious to correct them. Nor was morale restored or discipline tightened within the Party by a series of major conferences to exhort activists in areas as diverse as propaganda, organization, and finance. Moreover, the level of support for the Communist Party among workers and farmers, not to speak of the essential intellectuals, has never been lower.

Workers are demanding that their compensation be tied to their enterprises' profits. With state enterprises, still by far the largest segment of industry, sustained only by government subsidies, their dissatisfaction grows. The prime mover of China's burgeoning economy is "rural and township enterprises," which are, in effect, privately run.

In the countryside, where farming is once again a family business, Party members are resigning in order "to practice religion." The Communist Party and the Marxist–Leninist doctrine, which once prevailed absolutely, are no longer strong enough to keep either true believers or opportunists in line. Although the resignations may stem more from insecurity than from piety, they are the starkest defiance of the Party's traditional hostility to "religion and superstition."

Provincial leaders have not abandoned the Party. They still assert themselves within the Party structure, at least formally. However, the more prosperous provinces—led by Ye Xuanping of Kwangtung Province, abutting Hong Kong—have refused to accept the master economic plans cast in Peking. Even local units of the People's Liberation Army, despite a recent reorganization, are more closely attentive to the voices of local authority than to Peking. Such is the traditional Chinese pattern, especially when a dynasty is dying.



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No Chinese regime has been able to impose the will of the capital for an extended period on the entire vast country and its great population. *"Tian gao, huangdi yuan,"* declares the ancient folk saying—"Heaven is high, and the emperor is far away."

### *The Point Is Power*

WHAT IS the Communist Party of China if it is not the nexus of power, the hub of a system based upon the oxymoronic Marxist–Leninist concept "democratic centralism"? Marxism–Leninism, after all, revolves on one central pivot: power—the conquest of power, the extension of power, and the preservation of power. Yet the Communist Party of China is failing to exercise power effectively.

Within its limitations, the China policy of the Bush Administration is hastening the trend. There is no practical point in isolating China as a moral leper. Greater contact with the outside world, by whatever means, inevitably "corrupts Marxist purity with foreign bourgeois pollution," as Peking has said, and, further, weakens authoritarian control of both the economy and the administration. Yet, the effusive exculpation heaped on the Communist Party of China by the Bush Administration tends to make the selfish leadership more confident and to discourage the reformers, as well as the dissidents.

The Administration should make a clear distinction between the Chinese people, who merit all our help, and the Communist Party, which merits little but contempt. □

## *CONSENSUS REPORT*

# CHILDREN'S HOUR

**KATE WALSH O'BEIRNE**

ON JUNE 24, the 32-member bipartisan National Commission on Children, chaired by Senator Jay Rockefeller (D., W.Va.), issued a consensus report on the state of America's children, titled "Beyond Rhetoric." It might more aptly have been titled "Beware: Rhetoric." In the name of bipartisanship, the conservatives got their rhetoric, and the liberals got their proposals.

A pop quiz on the Commission's findings would be revealing. America's children are: a) largely happy and healthy, and to the extent they aren't, it is frequently because of their parents' actions; or b) in dire straits, owing mainly to more than a decade of government neglect. According to the report, both are correct. In order to achieve a consensus, radically different points of view had to be accommodated, and so the findings are ludicrously inconsistent. When it came time to design proposals, however, no such inconsistencies were permitted, and so Senator Rockefeller cites a broad political consensus for the proposition that massive government action is needed to rescue a generation of children. The White House naïvely hopes the whole issue will go away, despite Senator Rockefeller's apparent plan to lead a "children's crusade" all the way to the Democratic convention.

The Commission was the brainchild of Senator Lloyd Bentsen (D., Tex.), who recognized that concern for the nation's children might provide a Trojan hobbyhorse for the Democrats' stalled domestic agenda. The congressional Democratic leadership appointed two-thirds of the commissioners, including Marian Wright Edelman (who began her career with the NAACP), Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton, and California Congressman George Miller. President Bush appointed some solid conservatives to do battle with these professional liberals.

There was no battle plan, however. The GOP commissioners were unable to interest the White House in the course of the Commission's deliberations. Some White House staffers wanted to keep the commissioners at arm's length in order to avoid the appearance of political influence. (Republicans worry about such things.) Others saw no reason to be concerned about expensive proposals, because last fall's budget deal prohibits them. (Republicans believe such things.) And so the badly outnumbered GOP appointees were left to be charmed, cajoled, and appeased by a chairman who was determined to produce a bipartisan report, his previous effort, last year's Pepper Commission, having failed as members split widely on whether to require employers to provide health-care coverage.

The conservative commissioners seized the opportunity to have a liberal commission acknowledge important truths about American families. They insisted that the report recognize the importance of two-parent families to children's well-being, the high incidence of child poverty in single-mother households, and the over-taxation of families. An early draft of the report opened with the statement: "America is failing her children." The conservatives objected to the crisis tone, and the final report's opening paragraph states: "Most American children are healthy, happy, and secure."

### *Small Victory*

TO FORCE a commission composed of professional child advocates and liberal politicians to admit truths recognized by about 90 per cent of the American public is a victory in the peculiar world of government reports. Ironically, however, such common-sense, conservative rhetoric strengthens Rockefeller's case for his liberal prescriptions. Without the editorial assistance of the conservative commissioners, the report would have read like a 1960s manifesto on the evils of an uncaring society with proposed solutions right out of the Great Society playbook.

In the name of strengthening families, the Commission recommends expanding Head Start, the Job Corps, and federal nutrition, child-welfare, and health programs. In the name of providing tax relief to working families, the Commission recommends increasing cash payments to able-bodied welfare recipients. The panel's proposals would cost "$52 billion to $56 billion in new federal funds in the first

*Mrs. O'Beirne is vice president for government relations at the Heritage Foundation.*



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year." Senator Rockefeller did not attempt to obtain agreement on how to finance the proposals, and the recommended funding sources range from a 4 per cent cap on the annual growth of domestic spending to increasing corporate and excise taxes or creating a value-added tax.

During the Commission's two-year existence, the conservative commissioners would periodically revolt and circulate among themselves draft outlines of a minority report. But each time, Senator Rockefeller sprang into action and agreed to their modifications, presumably assuring liberal commissioners that the final recommendations would be theirs alone.

This spring, on the eve of the vote on the final draft, the White House woke up and ordered its appointees to dissent. White House objections centered largely on the panel's health chapter, which incorporated the Pepper Commission's controversial recommendations, this time in the name of helping children. Unwilling to be denied the consensus report he was so close to achieving, Rockefeller allowed the GOP appointees to write a dissenting chapter on health and to express any other misgivings in individual letters to be published with the report. Thanks to these last-minute concessions, the report was unanimously approved.

Notwithstanding the unanimous agreement that single parenthood is a serious risk factor for children, the Commission would make its proposed $1,000 tax credit per child available to single, nonworking parents. The conservative commissioners recognize that such a new cash subsidy to single mothers can be expected to increase their numbers, and argue in the report that it should be offset by a reduction in other welfare benefits. Predictably, this important disagreement is ignored in press accounts.

Paid for by American taxpayers, the report of the National Commission on Children now belongs to Senator Rockefeller, who worked for two years to produce a political document for his presidential race. Each press kit, distributed upon its release, contains a camera-ready 5×7 glossy of the senator. It cannot be fairly said that the Democrats have stolen the family issue: they have worked for it, and a complacent White House has just awakened to find a Trojan hobbyhorse at its gate. □

*EQUALITY OF MEDIOCRITY*

# RACE-NORMING BY ANY OTHER NAME

**ROBERT G. HOLLAND**

ONCE THE Labor Department's elaborate system for race-norming—i.e., racially rigging test results—found its way into the public prints, the defensive task of social engineers became about as daunting as making a case for Saddam Hussein's humanitarianism. How can one justify awarding a black applicant for a blue-collar job a percentile score of 87, a Hispanic a 74, a white a 47, and an Asian a 47, when all four made exactly the same score on Labor's General Aptitude Test Battery (GATB)?

While only a handful of liberals defended the scam outright, few were willing to abandon it. Typical was Representative Patricia Schroeder, who told the *Wall Street Journal*, "I don't have any problem" with race-norming as a way to correct for the test's "bias against minorities." The *New York Times* announced in a May 30 editorial that race-norming ought to "remain in place" until all "weaknesses in tests skewed against minorities" have been corrected. The *Washington Post*, in a May 22 editorial, admitted that race-norming fuels resentments, unfairly stigmatizes minority-group members who do well on their own, and "by any definition" should be stopped. However, the *Post* laid equal blame on the GATB itself, pronouncing it an "unfair test" that should be scrapped.

*Mr. Holland is an associate editor at the* Richmond Times-Dispatch.

## *Just the Facts, Ma'am*

UNFORTUNATELY for Mrs. Schroeder, the *Times*, and the *Post*, panels of the National Academy of Sciences twice (in 1982 and 1989) found that the GATB was not biased against blacks. In fact, in the most recent review, the NAS panelists found that the GATB slightly overpredicted blacks' performance. Anyway, if cultural bias is a problem, how does one explain that Asian-Americans are scored against the highest standards and receive benefit of no percentile paddings?

Nevertheless, the 1989 NAS panel dutifully cooked up a rationale for race-norming, based on what testing experts call "false negatives." That is, since no test ever predicts job performance with absolute perfection, some applicants will be rejected even though they could have succeeded on the job. Since there are proportionately more low-scoring blacks than whites, there are also more "false negatives" among blacks.

As sociologist Linda S. Gottfredson of the University of Delaware, academe's leading critic of race-norming, points out, this concern is for workers who might perform at a very low level of competence on the job. Neither the panel nor other proponents of race-norming are so candid as to say that the minimally able should receive preference over higher-skilled workers, but that is the effect of the scheme they endorse. Nor did the panel suggest score adjustments should be made to benefit low-scoring whites or Asians.

What of the future of race-norming? The House Democrats' hasty insertion into HR-1—the so-called Civil Rights Bill—of a ban on the practice is a sham for at least two reasons:

1. The new language of HR-1 makes it unlawful for employers, unions, or employment agencies to adjust scores according to race, sex, etc., but it omits any mention of "public employment services"—i.e., the very agencies



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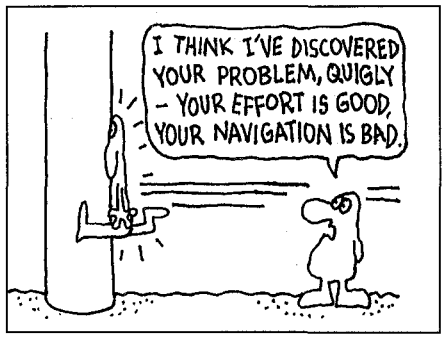
that actually carry out race-norming.

2. By outlawing any written test that is "unfair"—undefined but apparently one that fails to yield equal results on a group basis—the measure could force the contrivance of new test-rigging methods. The bill makes it so difficult to justify merit-based hiring criteria—if they unintentionally result in "disparate impact" on designated minorities—that written tests may be scuttled altogether. Interestingly enough, the House Education and Labor Committee's report indicates that job interviews may also have to go. That would leave what as a method of employee selection? Drawing names from a hat?

Furthermore, Professor Gottfredson points out that there are more ways to rig results than just "within-group score conversion." For example, she notes, "banding" might be a replacement for "norming." That would entail dividing the cohort of test scores into several bands and selecting for referral only those persons who scored within a band that had a racially correct composition. The band might be



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the middle group or even the lower middle of all scorers.

This kind of scheme is not as far-fetched as it might seem. The manual for the private Wonderlic Personnel Test offers as an alternative to a GATB-like "ethnic conversion table" something called a "Minimum-Maximum Qualification Range" (MMQR). By exercising a pre-emptive strike against scorers on the high end (predominantly white) as well as the low end (predominantly black), MMQR qualifies a mid-range of blacks and whites in roughly equal proportions. This is equality of mediocrity, and it could be coming soon to your local job market. □

*ON THE AIR*

# TALK OF THE TOWN

**GEOFFREY MORRIS**

IF SOME present-day Tocqueville were planning a sequel to *Democracy in America*, he would be well advised to tune in to talk radio. He would find there the lively interchange of ideas that the learned Frenchman found so pervasive in nineteenth-century America.

Talk radio took shape as a political institution during the 1960s and 1970s. It is, says Murray B. Levin, author of *Talk Radio and the American Dream*, "an astonishing testimony to the growing belief that something fundamental and corrosive is sapping the vitality of the Republic."

"Congress has left a void," says Mike Siegel of KING radio in Seattle. "It does not respond to the needs" of the people. Polls show that 90 per cent of America supported President Bush's actions in the Persian Gulf; while only 52 per cent of the Senate and 57 per cent of the House backed the resolution allowing the use of force.

*Mr. Morris is* NR*'s executive editor.*

## *Mainstream Medium*

IN CONTRAST to most forms of mass media, talk radio is not contrived. The listener is most of the show. Nor is it any longer a phenomenon attracting mainly kooks, the disfranchised, and the unemployed. Talk radio today has become attractive to the mainstream citizen espousing mainstream conservative or liberal opinions. Indeed, the cellular phone has enabled high-powered commuters to join in on the fun.

Rush Limbaugh, the most popular show host today, is a character made for radio: a great conversationalist with a boisterous voice and a refreshingly clear, distinct point of view, which provokes impassioned listener responses. Most are sympathetic: "Love ya, Rush"; "Ditto, Rush" (callers are encouraged to save time by cutting out repetitious accolades)—though some criticize his "insensitive" and "derogatory" ways.

Limbaugh is the new kid to the mike. He had a show in Sacramento in the early Eighties, winding up at WABC in New York, from which his national show is broadcast, and which also carries two longtime conservative radio icons—Bob Grant and Barry Farber.

Limbaugh's program airs on 371 stations nationwide. With some seven million listeners per week, he is the most listened-to voice on radio. He has taken his show on the road, attracting thousands of "Dittoheads" to on-stage performances. He even has gotten some one thousand people to pay $1,500 a pop to take a Caribbean cruise with him. On one such trip he had the entire ship bestow the middle-finger salute on Fidel Castro as the ship sailed by Cuba.

The key to his success? "People love conservatism," he says, "they love the things I stand for. . . . And as long as there is Ted Kennedy, Alan Cranston, Joe Biden, Mario Cuomo . . . then conservatism will be a vital force."

Generally speaking, those who call Limbaugh have legitimate gripes about intrusive government, high taxes, affirmative action, and the decline of higher education. But for all the politics, Limbaugh (like other talk-radio hosts) is as much an entertainer as an opinion-maker. He derides left-wing characters and mocks liberal issues. In the daily introduction to the show, a voice announces: "The views expressed by the host of this show are not necessarily the views of the staff, management, or sponsors of this station—but they ought to be." All are welcome on the program, we are told, even "femi-nazis."

Others avoid the shock tactics. Boston's most popular voice, David Brudnoy of WBZ, is, to the horror of Harvard liberals, what he calls "resolutely and maniacally conservative." But he focuses his political enthusiasm on issues and not antics.

Brudnoy ses his show, and talk

*(Continues on page 53)*



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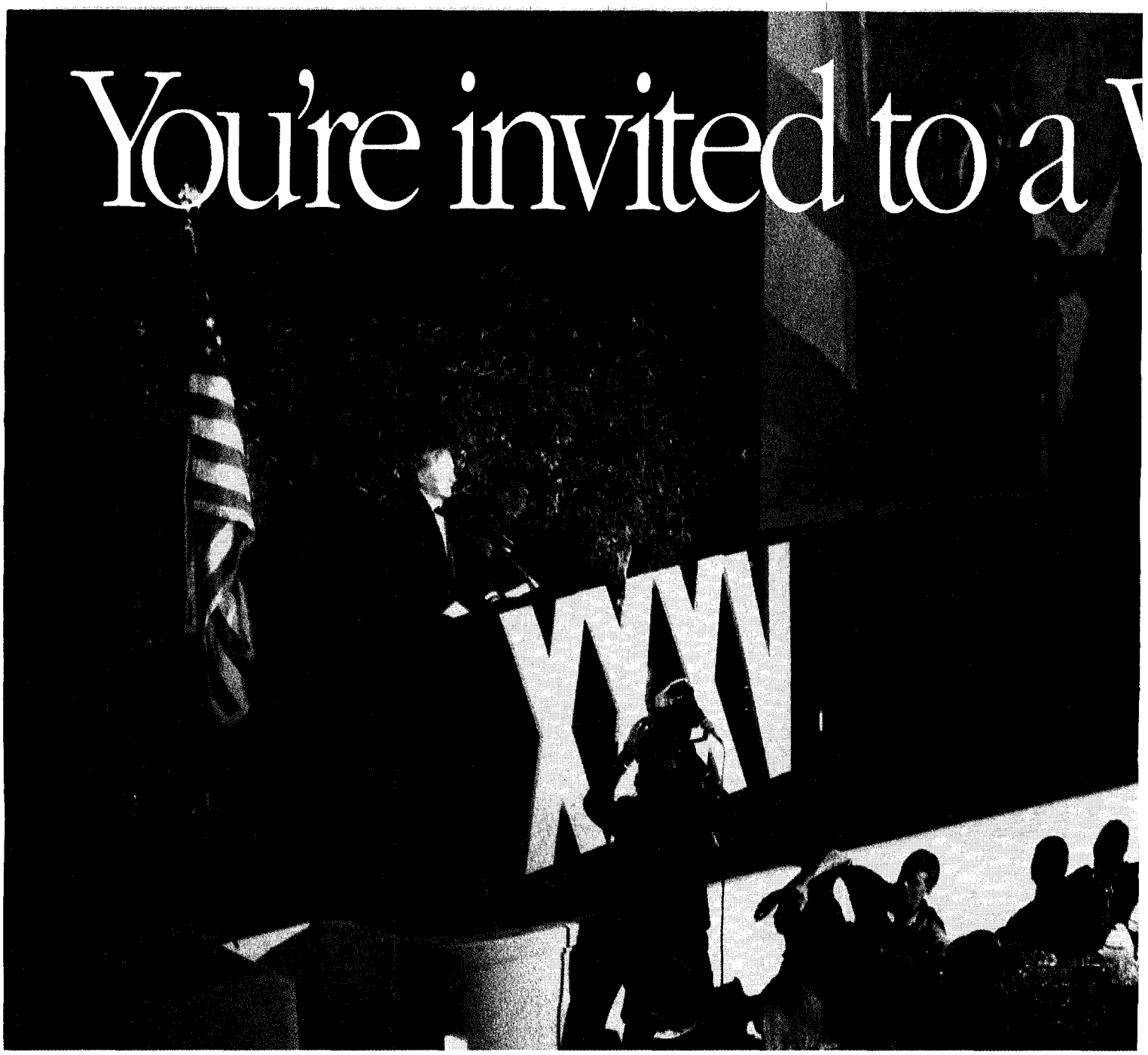


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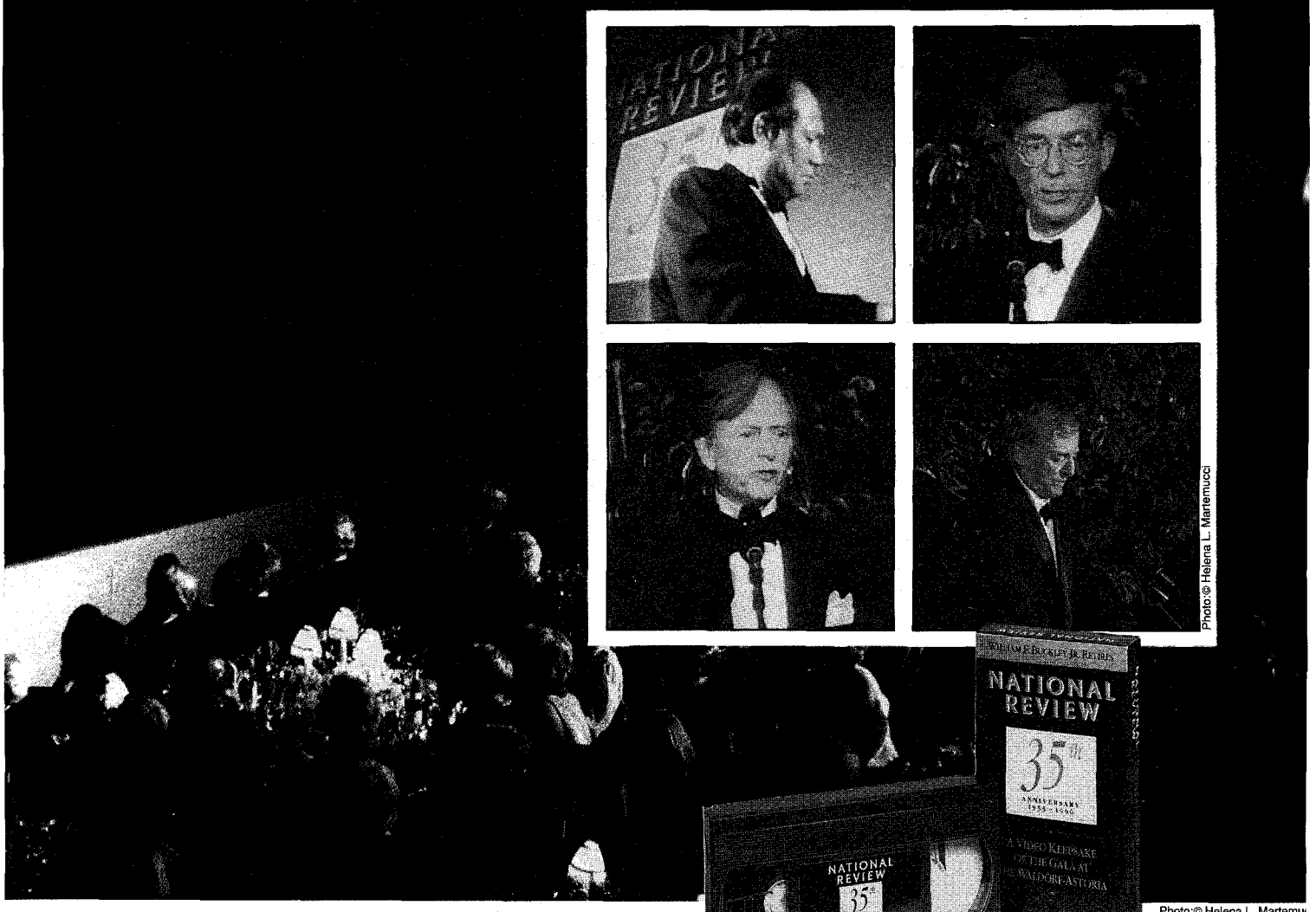


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# Defects and Defectors

GEORGE SZAMUELY

AT ONE point in Tom Mangold's *Cold Warrior*, Richard Helms, the Director of Central Intelligence from 1966 to 1973, is quoted as saying to the author: "I still haven't the faintest idea if Nosenko is bona-fide." This is a remarkable comment, because from the mid 1970s on, both the CIA and the FBI had made up their institutional minds about Yuri Nosenko.

The young Russian had defected to the United States in February 1964 claiming to be a lieutenant colonel in the KGB. Extraordinarily, just three months after the assassination of President Kennedy, the Americans had in their hands someone who on two occasions had had an opportunity to inspect the KGB file on Lee Harvey Oswald. And Nosenko was ready to testify before the Warren Commission that not only had the KGB made no attempt to recruit Oswald during the three years he lived in the Soviet Union, it had not even thought it worth while to debrief him. But as the CIA began to interrogate Nosenko, it came up against lies, inconsistencies, and patent nonsense in his testimony.

***Cold Warrior: The CIA's Master Spy Hunter, by Tom Mangold (Simon & Schuster, 462 pp., $24.95)***

The Agency was now in a quandary. If it concluded that Nosenko was not a genuine defector but an agent dispatched by the KGB, it would bring into serious question the Warren Commission's finding that there was no Soviet involvement in the assassination. If it concluded that Nosenko was a genuine defector, it would contradict the evidence accumulated against him by its Soviet Bloc Division. Finally, in October 1968 the CIA concluded that whether Nosenko had or had not been a dispatched agent, he had long ceased to be of any use to the KGB. The CIA decided to cut its losses, release him from custody, resettle him somewhere in the United States with a new identity, and hire him as a consultant on KGB history. But, as far as the Agency was concerned, he would remain a source whose "bona fides are not established." Not until 1976 did the Agency reverse itself and declare that Yuri Nosenko had been a genuine defector all along.

John Ward

Tom Mangold, a BBC-TV journalist, is in no doubt whatsoever that Nosenko was everything he claimed to be. That it took the CIA so many years to recognize something so self-evident, and that Richard Helms has not yet done so, is ascribed to the pernicious influence of one man, the late James Jesus Angleton, chief of the CIA's Counterintelligence Staff from 1954 to 1974. Angleton was, according to Mangold, the leader of the "Intelligence Fundamentalists"—men and women throughout the Western intelligence services who were "zealots to the cause, true believers," determined to prevail against the "imminent international Communist storm."

Angleton can do nothing right. Mangold repeatedly shows him making a mess of his marriage, indulging his passion for martinis, turning up at his Langley office at 11 in the morning, or rolling up drunk after lunch. But his innumerable personal failings were nothing to compare with the disastrous consequences of his professional actions. Mangold's central charge is that Angleton, as a result of his cold-war obsession, fell under the spell of another KGB defector, Anatoly Golitsyn, who persuaded Angleton that the most important step in the Kremlin's quest for world domination was the takeover of the Western intelligence services. They would become vehicles of Soviet disinformation, both through fake defectors and through "moles" within the services who would seek to ensure that the "disinformation" coming out of the Soviet Union was accepted back home as genuine information. Subscribing to this theory, Mangold asserts, led Angleton to demoralize the Agency and ruin careers through his vain hunt for "moles" burrowing away at Langley. In addition, he prevented the CIA's Soviet Bloc Division from recruiting spies in the Soviet Union—its *raison d'être*—in the fear that they might all be KGB agents. But this assault on paranoia itself bears the marks of the disease.

Would Angleton have been right *not* to institute a "molehunt"? In 1961 alone—the year of Golitsyn's defection—Heinz Felfe, one of the counter-intelligence chiefs of the German intelligence service, was arrested as a Soviet spy, as was George Blake of Britain's MI-6. The CIA, the KGB's major adversary during the cold war, could not but have been a key target for Soviet penetration. Doubtless, "molehunts" are annoying, disruptive, offensive to collegial self-esteem as well as good-fellowship, and so on. Careers may be set back or even terminated unfairly. But the CIA, as the guardian of the nation's secrets, has to err on the side of caution.

Moreover, the "molehunt" was not just a personal project of Angleton's. It required the authorization of the DCI. Nor was it all that far-reaching. Some

*Mr. Szamuely is a freelance writer living in New York City.*



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forty officers were investigated from a staff numbering about seven thousand. That no moles were ever uncovered is for Richard Helms, at least, proof that the CIA was not penetrated during his years there, and for this he credits the work of James Angleton. The spycatcher himself, though, remained convinced that the organization had been penetrated. Whatever the case may be, the counterintelligence record of the post-Angleton CIA has hardly been auspicious. There was the case of Philip Agee; of William Kampiles, who in 1978 sold the Russians the manual for the KH-11 photoreconnaissance satellite; of Edward Lee Howard, who defected to the Soviet Union in 1985; of Karel Koecher, a contract translator who was indicted for spying in 1984; of David Barnett, who was convicted of spying in 1980.

Another charge against Angleton is that he turned over to the KGB Russians who had risked their lives for the United States. Take the example to which *Cold Warrior* devotes two chapters, the case of Yuri Loginov. In 1961 Loginov, a KGB "illegal," offered his services to the Americans. The CIA took him up on his offer, but by 1966 both Angleton's Counterintelligence Staff and the Soviet Bloc Division had come to believe that Loginov was working for the KGB and for no one else. Loginov was arrested in South Africa, whose government was tipped off by the CIA. But he never faced trial. Instead, he was swapped for West German spies held in East Germany. Mangold mutters darkly: "The unconfirmed word from Moscow was that Loginov had been court-martialed and shot as a traitor." But then at the end of the chapter he confesses that the KGB defector Oleg Gordievsky asserted that nothing whatsoever happened to Loginov because the Russians did not for one moment believe he was working for the CIA. But since his cover had been blown, he was discharged from the KGB. So pity the poor KGB chap, unable to do any more spying!

Mangold then really puts his foot in his mouth. He mentions that an article in a newsletter for CIA retirees in 1988 stated that Loginov had been recruited by the Agency. "If he was still alive," Mangold again rumbles, "it is difficult to imagine that he would not have been re-arrested and confronted with this new evidence of his disloyalty to his country." Indeed. And who wrote this brilliant article? It was none other than Leonard McCoy, Mangold's chief source for his diatribe against Angleton. So it is McCoy, not Angleton, who is responsible for whatever might befall Loginov!

In a chapter ominously entitled "Deadly Betrayal" Mangold suggests that Angleton was responsible for the death of a longtime agent of the FBI and the CIA. He writes that in 1978 Edward Jay Epstein mentioned in an unsigned item in *New York* magazine that the U.S. had an undercover agent in the Russian Mission to the UN whose credibility was in doubt. "The sole reason for this betrayal of a working CIA agent lay in the Fundamentalists' obsession to further their already discredited argument that all Soviet intelligence defectors were fakes," writes Mangold. The Soviets, according to him, began to investigate. And sure enough, in January 1990, *Pravda* announced the execution of a Soviet diplomat at the UN who for many years had spied for the United States. Epstein always denied that Angleton had leaked this information to him. His source, he said, was William Sullivan, former Assistant Director of the FBI. Yes, Mangold replies, but Sullivan died in 1977, "before he could be asked the crucial question—did Angleton approve or sanction the leak?" Mangold does not explain what sort of power Angleton of the CIA exerted over Sullivan of the FBI. Nor does he explain how useful this leak could have been to the Soviets if it took them fully 12 years to figure out whom Epstein was referring to.

Mangold has a huge section about the incarceration of Nosenko. He does not do what Stansfield Turner did and accuse Angleton of masterminding it, because he knows that that is not true. The case was handled entirely by the Soviet Bloc Division, with the full authorization of the DCI and the Attorney General. So where does Angleton come into it? Mangold is reduced to quoting a recent interview with Turner, who, obviously retreating considerably from the accusations he made in his 1985 *Secrecy and Democracy*, says he never saw "a single document in which Angleton objects to what was being done to Nosenko." Whether Angleton could have overruled the Soviet Bloc Division is a matter of speculation. Nonetheless, the point that Angleton's culpability arises merely from his failure to register a protest undermines the premise of the book. Angleton is supposed to have been an all-powerful figure exerting a pernicious influence throughout the Agency, not just a high-level memo pusher.

Mangold has sought to depict a figure emblematic of American cold-war paranoia, a sort of Joe McCarthy of the CIA. And to make a book out of it, he has had to falsify the record to show an Angleton who, despite losing almost every important bureaucratic struggle within the Agency, wielded more power than any DCI. □

# Faith Healing

JOSEPH SOBRAN

E. J. DIONNE JR. reports on politics for the *Washington Post* with a keen eye and a fair mind, and his much-praised new book, *Why Americans Hate Politics*, offers a gripping page-by-page analysis of what ails us. Neglect it not.

This is not to suggest that Dionne is right about everything, or about all the big things. But he brings so much acuteness and grace of style to his argument that you can profit by it and enjoy it without fully agreeing with it.

I confess to wincing at the outset when he laments that "the faith of the American people in their democratic institutions has declined." Is this a bad thing? He assumes so, and this turns out to be a fateful, if not fatal, presupposition for the rest of the book. But there is much to savor along the way.

"The categories that have domi-

*Mr. Sobran, NR's Critic-at-Large, writes a twice-a-week column for Universal Press Syndicate.*

***Why Americans Hate Politics, by E. J. Dionne Jr. (Simon & Schuster, 430 pp., $22.95)***



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nated our thinking for so long are utterly irrelevant to the new world we face." Well, yes. "The central argument of this book is that liberalism and conservatism are framing political issues as a series of false choices. . . . Liberalism and conservatism *prevent* the nation from settling the questions that most trouble it. . . . We are still trapped in the 1960s."

So far, so good, sort of. And it gets better. Dionne describes in fine detail the way liberal and conservative "ideologies" have developed since the 1960s, and it's gratifying to find a mainstream journalist paying close attention to the nuances of liberalism, conservatism, libertarianism, the New Left, neoconservatism, feminism, centrism, and even "Modern Republicanism." (Does anyone remember Modern Republicanism? It's in the White House, as it happens.)

Dionne is not just fair; he is perceptive. Here, in his discussion of the New Left, is a fine sample of the way he makes unexpected connections:

> Critics of American foreign policy have nearly always been labeled "anti-American" by their foes; being cast into the political darkness is one of the risks of dissent. But rarely have dissenters cooperated so willingly to validate the claims of their enemies. By embracing anti-Americanism as a noble cause, the farther fringes of the New Left divided and set back the antiwar movement. They opened the way for a contentless politics of symbolism that made the care and treatment of the American flag a more important political question than what the flag stood for. Those who despised George Bush's relentless use of the American flag as a partisan symbol can blame the flag burners of the 1960s for making such a tactic possible. Even the Communist Party had the good sense to drape its meetings with the American flag and to declare that Communism was "twentieth-century Americanism."

Though fair and friendly to conservatives, Dionne sees conservatism, like liberalism, as having run out of "ideas" and reached a point of "exhaustion." He is finally on the liberal side himself, but he takes liberals to task for failing to absorb what he sees as the real insights of conservatism. He devotes a good deal of space to libertarianism, which he recognizes as far more important than its overt political fortunes would indicate, noting the curious habit both liberals and conservatives have of falling back on libertarian rhetoric when they don't like their opponents' brand of communitarianism. Dionne himself could be fairly described as a communitarian liberal who thinks the welfare state and politics itself can't work without national moral consensus.

Conservatism, as he sees it, died of success and the compromises it entailed. It reached an "impasse" under Ronald Reagan, resulting in the huge budget deficit: "Only a high deficit could keep the conservative coalition together, since conservatives could not raise taxes on one part of their constituency and could not cut programs that benefited another part of their constituency."

Dionne also thinks conservatives have used hollow rhetoric for sheer political gain. Their idealization of the "traditional" family, whose mother doesn't work outside the home, is simply passé now; that's not radical feminism, it's just realism, he says. And he has a point.

He's also right to say that conservatives lack a positive vision of politics. The trouble is that he seems to want an idealization of politics that is as nostalgic as some conservatives' image of the family. He yearns for "the creation of a new political center" driven by "faith in the possibilities of common endeavor." But the "problems" he wants this new vital center to solve are problems as defined by an old liberal consensus that is gone for good. He himself seems "trapped," so to speak, in the heyday of the civil-rights movement, a moment when there was indeed "faith" in "possibilities" that experience has since exposed as naïve.

It's discouraging that such a shrewd book should finally fall back on "faith" as a prescription. If Americans hate politics, the explanation may be simply that politics is hateful. The media no longer sustain the images of old liberal heroes like King and the Kennedys. For all the liberal prejudices of journalists, the media by their nature expose facts uncongenial to the old liberal ideology. Television has given us all a new intimacy with Washington; the inner workings of politics have become too visible to permit much faith in it. Too many politicians are, not to put too fine a point on it, crooks. How can we believe that the total process transcends the seamy character of the men engaged in it?

Dionne quotes Murray Rothbard: "If you wish to know how libertarians regard the state and any of its acts, simply think of the state as a criminal band, and all of the libertarian attitudes will logically fall into place." Dionne calls the rise of libertarianism "a sign of a deep sickness in the democratic system." But there are various sorts of libertarians, and some of them are saying no more than what Madison said when he warned of the corrupting power of "factions"—the chief danger to self-government.

The dangers of faction have been fully realized, and today special-interest politics is taken for granted as the normal and healthy working of "democracy." This disgusts even many of the people who profit by it. And most conservative politicians see no alternative to playing the game by the established rules. That's the story *Why Americans Hate Politics* misses. □

# God as a Verb

FRANCIS X. ROCCA

"SEEING GOD as a verb was really helpful for me," a Harvard Divinity School student tells Ari Goldman. "In some ways, working with words substitutes for a prayer life. When I do the *New York Times* crossword puzzle . . . [i]t leaves me in a better place." Yes, as far as many Div School students and faculty are concerned, a crossword puzzle is as authoritative as Scripture. When another student cites the Gospel story of Lazarus to make a case for life after death, she is laughed out of the class. Goldman, a religion reporter who took a one-year sabbatical from the *New York Times* to study theology, must occasionally have wondered if he had come to the right place.

***The Search for God at Harvard, by Ari Goldman (Times, 233 pp., $20)***

*Mr. Rocca is a freelance writer living in New York City.*



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Not that the students do not consider themselves religious; they just tend to have untraditional notions of what that means. "I found that some of the same sense of empowerment that I got from the coven, I would get from the church," testifies Diane, a lesbian who is to be ordained in the United Church of Christ. This means that in the academic year 1985–86 there was at least one unreformed witch studying for the ministry at Harvard.

There is nothing to hang onto here, no authority, no tradition. In this context, when Goldman compares his own Orthodox observance to "a raft in a turbulent sea," the simile has special force. A large part of the book is about the author's struggle to follow the Law while reporting for a daily newspaper. Goldman lives in conformity to his faith, in contrast to the people he meets at Harvard, who tailor their faiths to fit their lifestyles and "emotional needs." No one of religious sensibility can fail to see that Goldman sanctifies the world by his observance. There is no need to justify it in non-religious terms, and when he tries to do so, he only sounds as banal as the other Div School students; keeping the Sabbath, he says, gives him "the opportunity to be myself."

"Myself" is actually the main subject of the book, in which the warp of theology is sparse compared with the woof of autobiography. One-third of a short chapter on African religions is devoted to Goldman's brief posting in Zimbabwe: the passage tells us nothing about religion, except that kosher food is hard to get in Harare. In fact there is far more in this book about the lore and ritual of the *Times* than of any (other?) faith besides Judaism.

Since Harvard's divinity school, like many others today, is essentially an institute of comparative religion, Goldman spends his time there examining different traditions, Eastern and Western. Their treatment is necessarily sketchy and anecdotal in such a short book, but some of the details are memorable:

> Like other faiths, Islam struggles with the question of human suffering. . . . One teaching says that man is like a nightingale. God keeps man in cages because He loves the music of his prayers. If He is slow to answer, it is only because He loves the song and does not want it to end.

The casual approach, however, can lead to grave distortion. Goldman chalks up the popularity of Christianity in Africa to the religious "malleability" of the converts: "When the missionaries came, the Africans continued their devotion to Mbona, they just portrayed him differently—instead of a warrior figure they made him a black man on a cross." This hardly does justice to Mbona, Jesus, or the Africans; are any devotees so "primitive" that they would not feel all the difference in the world between worshipping a warrior and worshipping a victim?

Goldman also makes a misleading comparison between Catholicism and Judaism. Communion, he says, "is so much more dignified than the Jewish kiddush":

> . . . at Communion there is no need to reach across the table and secure a piece of sponge cake and a shot-glass of wine. For the Catholic it is total submission. Open your mouth and the wafer is placed there. Open your mouth and the cup is placed on your lips, "so that sins may be forgiven." It is entirely different from the Jewish approach; the Jew must work for his redemption, whether at the kiddush table, in the study hall, or in the marketplace.

Now, kiddush does not have the central role in Jewish worship that Communion has in the Catholic Mass. Moreover, Catholics *do* believe in working for their redemption—it is one of their major points of difference with many Protestants. Goldman ought to know these things after one year at Harvard and six years covering the religion beat.

Despite a professed "taste" for "religious diversity," Goldman reveals a strong distaste for Christianity, which is partly attributable to upbringing; as a boy, he was taught never to get on both knees or draw a plus-sign, because of the Christian connotations. As an adult, he has formed a strong ideological objection to Christianity: "Missing . . . is a genuine pluralism that recognizes separate paths to salvation, be they through Judaism, Islam, Hinduism, Buddhism, Shintoism"—or Wicca, as the Reverend Diane would remind him.

The kinds of Christians who most displease Goldman are "the darlings of the 1980s, the Evangelicals and the Roman Catholics." Fundamentalists, whom he does not distinguish from Evangelicals, stand for "slavery, anti-Catholicism . . . anti-Semitism, [and] anti–American Indianism." The chapter entitled "Catholics" turns out to be merely a snide profile of Cardinal O'Connor.

What do these denominations have in common that so offends Goldman? Maybe it is that they are the mass media's greatest rivals for influence on cultural and political life, and that their agendas diverge significantly from that of the *Times*. After all, Goldman knows which side he is on in that rivalry. Or does he? Here he betrays exasperation with feminism, hints at reservations about abortion, comes close to disapproving of homosexuality, and bitterly denounces divorce. There must be times when it is hard to reconcile his faith and his job, and not only (as he reminds us throughout the book) when he is asked to work on Saturdays. □

# Paying Dearly

CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

THIS was one of three books about the rise of General Manuel Antonio Noriega that was nearly complete by the time of the U.S. invasion in December 1989. The other two—Frederick Kempe's *Divorcing the Dictator* and John Dinges's *Our Man in Panama*—were rushed into print. Although Buckley, former Saigon correspondent for *Newsweek*, adds no shocking revelations, he has nonetheless given us an important new history, the first full chronicle of the Noriega fiasco since the dust settled on Operation Just Cause.

***Panama: The Whole Story, by Kevin Buckley (Simon & Schuster, 304 pp., $21.95)***

Buckley dates Noriega's downfall from the September 1985 torture and beheading of Hugo Spadafora, the

*Mr. Caldwell is Assistant Managing Editor of* The American Spectator.



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dashing guerrilla doctor who had informed the DEA of Noriega's drug dealing. Noriega's feelings toward Spadafora were at best confused. Once, when both were standing on a dais together, the general "accidentally" brushed the doctor's crotch; later, Noriega drunkenly confessed: "I want his face." In similar anecdotes, Noriega is shown to be simultaneously brutal, naïve, and insecure. When the *New York Times* ran Seymour Hersh's exposé of him in June 1986, Noriega fled a ceremony he was attending at Fort McNair in Washington, terrified he would be thrown in prison—he refused to believe such things could be published without official approval.

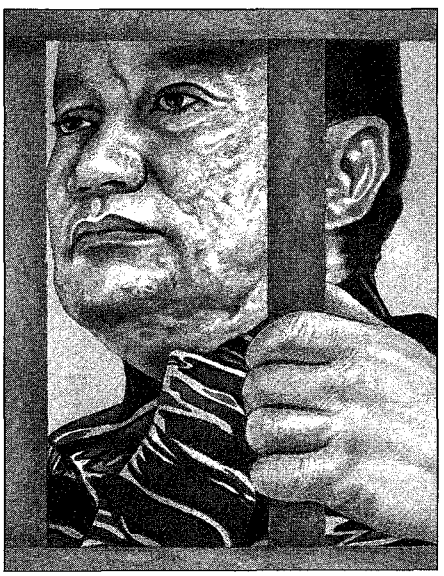
Panama's foreign and domestic policy under Noriega centered on the drug trade, and his refusal to step down was due largely to fears that he would be assassinated by the Medellín cartel if he did so. Buckley doesn't deal with Noriega's drug associates, like the laid-back doper Steven Kalish and the homicidal Colombian José Gonzalo Rodríguez Gacha. There is nonetheless a wild enough cast of supporting actors, such as the Harvard-educated Buddhist Joel McCleary, a former Carter staffer who became Noriega's chief political consultant and once described the Reagan Administration's "Murphy plan" to oust Noriega as "a real *satori* experience."

Then there is Colonel Roberto Díaz Herrera, who waged "mystical guerrilla warfare" after Noriega cashiered him in 1987. Díaz stupefied himself with tranquilizers, flew in a female psychic from California, held his palms upward to receive "positive vibrations," and went public about drug trafficking, illegal-immigration rackets, and political murders by the Panamanian Defense Forces (PDF).

Panama's years of dictatorship led to even odder alliances in American politics, like that of Senators Ted Kennedy and Jesse Helms. Although Helms's interest in Panama was sparked by an unhidden agenda of finding a way for the U.S. to welsh on the Canal treaties, he was nonetheless the only senator to call for sanctions in the wake of the Spadafora killing. Although Kennedy treated Noriega like a Palm Beach witness ("Look, Noriega. . . . If anything happens to my friend Gabriel Lewis, you're going to pay dearly. This is Ted Kennedy and I repeat, if anything happens to my friend Gabriel Lewis you will pay dearly"), he nonetheless did challenge him.

Buckley is to be faulted for quoting without skepticism the allegations of Richard Brenneke, the arms dealer *manqué* who claimed a direct Panamanian link between cocaine shipments and Contra resupply—although John Kerry's Senate Subcommittee on Terrorism, Narcotics, and International Operations questioned his credibility in 1989, investigator Jack Blum called him a liar, and even the most credulous conspiracy theorists have cut him adrift (except poor Gary Sick).

But most of Buckley's sources are impeccable. His account of the bungled coup led by Major Moíses Giroldi in October 1989 relies on Deborah De-



Bonnie Gardner

Moss, a former Helms aide working for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, who knew more about the progress of the coup than anyone in the Administration, and whose offers to share information with the State Department's crisis center were ignored. Miss DeMoss was even summoned to the White House for a dressing-down by Brent Scowcroft and John Sununu after Helms condemned the Administration's incompetence in supporting the coup and its mendacity in distancing itself from it.

Buckley blames General Maxwell Thurman, who had replaced the insightful but feckless General Fred Woerner as head of American forces in Panama, for the coup's failure. Thurman is painted as an egotistical yahoo stubbornly believing the coup was a Noriega ruse. As for Thurman's heroism in Operation Just Cause, Buckley prefers Woerner's earlier invasion plan—which involved measures to prevent looting—but admits that many American "Zonians" and civilians were scared witless that Woerner's inaction was going to get them killed.

Amidst a refreshingly unobsessive treatment of Iran–Contra, there is fine detail on Washington, where a look-the-other-way contingent (Casey at CIA, North at the NSC, Nestor Sánchez at the Pentagon) squared off against a handful of senators (Helms, Kennedy) and Administration officials (Elliott Abrams et al.) who pointed out that Nicaragua was not the only country in Latin America. Still, Buckley's depiction of Abrams as soft (or at least opportunistic) on Noriega is based on Abrams's first months on the job, and is grossly unfair.

In broad strokes, Buckley demolishes many fashionable myths. He does not describe Kurt Muse, imprisoned for running a clandestine radio station, as a "CIA agent," as Bob Woodward did in *The Commanders*. He goes a long way toward clearing the name of the honest—albeit highly dangerous—Eduardo Herrera Hassan. (This is a matter of current importance: Herrera led a coup attempt this year and could be running Panama before long.) He attributes President Eric Arturo Delvalle's 1988 decision to fire Noriega not to any uncharacteristic fit of principle but to U.S. sanctions that deprived Panama of its sugar quota, on which Delvalle's personal fortune depended.

Particularly strong is Buckley's documentation of those sanctions. Aimed at Noriega, they did nothing but undermine the very people the U.S. was counting on to oust him: the business classes. Buckley quotes an American official: "We have ruined a healthy capitalist economy, weakened the pro-American middle class, and created the conditions in Panama for growing Communist influence. You've got to give yourself credit: That's a hell of an achievement for diplomacy."

American diplomacy since the invasion has been even worse, amounting pretty much to dribbling aid on the country (about one-tenth the amount promised) and destroying its banking system in the name of our "war on drugs." The U.S. would do well to settle on a coherent Panama policy—before another Noriega comes along to settle on one for us. □



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# Tremors and Halations

JAMES GARDNER

FOR MOST CRITICS and lovers of art, bashing the Whitney Biennial has developed by now into a reflex. The premise of the show is innocent enough: it endeavors to illustrate the best, the most interesting, and the most representative art created by Americans over the past two years. Yet the Right views its curators as truckling to artists of manifestly radical propensities; the Left rejects them precisely because they incarnate the art establishment. Apart from the seventy artists included in the present show, every artist in America, not to mention his gallery, his parents, and all his friends, views the curators with a suspicion verging on loathing.

And yet—can anyone really deny the show's palpable, electric excitement? Can anyone gainsay the frisson of awe and nervousness, which no iron-plated cynicism can quite dispel, that we feel as we enter the massive ultramarine elevator and ascend to the fourth floor? Suddenly the huge metal doors lurch open, like the curtains of a stage, and the old, familiar galleries appear before us, but transformed beyond recognition. Who will be included in the show, with what untold benefits to their careers, and who will be left out? The answer, which has been known only to the innermost inner circle, which has had the entire art world buzzing for a year, stands finally revealed. For the casual art-lover, the Biennial becomes a crash course in what is happening in the square mile south of Houston Street (notwithstanding the curators' efforts to represent all of America). To art-world insiders it is an enigma to be searched for every possible tremor and halation of meaning.

As always, the Whitney has allotted space to established, older artists who have appeared in earlier Biennials. Ellsworth Kelly's minimalist geometries have never seemed richer than in the masterly Orange Red Relief, though it is nothing more than one square superimposed upon another at a woozy tilt. In Joseph Glasco's paintings, among the most impressive in any recent Biennial, punctilious imbrications of yellow, purple, and green scintillate like crushed opals. Even Robert Rauschenberg, an overrated bore, has managed to come up with one sculpture that fulfills his early, and perennially betrayed, promise. Various as they seem, these artists are temporarily united in the quaint, superannuated conviction that the excellence of art must be artistic excellence rather than conformity to some arbitrary standard of political probity. To those of us who share or admire these convictions, the rest of the show is a massive falling off. Rather than promulgating any new trends, most of this art recapitulates what we have already seen 17 million times before, though with greater vengeance and single-mindedness. Tendentiousness, no longer a pejorative term, has become the precondition for this, or any, art's being taken seriously. Among the younger artists, the residual light of formal preoccupation has been finally and thoroughly snuffed out.

David Wojnarowicz and the late Keith Haring declare that they are homosexuals in the age of AIDS. In the present climate of opinion, to object to their art on any grounds (artistic incompetence being my personal favorite) is equated with complicity in the harassment of homosexuals and in their death from AIDS. With similar moral discernment, Laurie Simmons and Lorna Simpson reflect the plight of women, while Jim Shaw, with his simulations of *Time* and *Life*, and Cady Noland, with her biker regalia and thousands of cans of Bud Light, are (I guess) revealing the inauthentic void of American popular culture. But what is signified by Sally Mann's photos, which look for all the world like straightforward black-and-white images of young girls? The viewer stands back a moment in dismay. Why is the artist wasting our time if she has no tendency to sell us? Then at last the answer comes: she is depicting white-

*Mr. Gardner writes regularly about art for* NR *and* Commentary.


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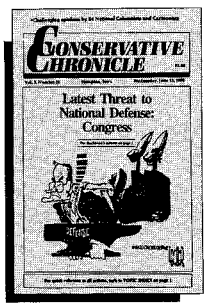


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male, patriarchal psycho-sexuality, and, while she's at it, doing a little interrogating of strategies of signification.

At this moment, the more perceptive viewer begins to notice that something unprecedented and very strange is happening. A new habit has entered into the very way people see art. They now no longer quite look at it, but a little beyond it and a little around it, searching restlessly for its inevitable message. So willing and so versatile is the imagination that it never comes back empty-handed from these raids on the inarticulate. The revelation of the message, following swiftly upon the exposure of the form, has become as effortless and as natural as breathing in and breathing out. The habit has entered one's eyes, slipped past the optic chiasm, and overtaken the brain.

More objectionable still is the nature of the message. The 1991 Whitney Biennial represents the triumph of Sanctimonious Art. Tim Rollins is perhaps the foremost exemplar of this trend. What we are to appreciate in his art has less to do with its formal attributes than with the fact that his collaborators are inner-city youths, whom Kulchur has redeemed from the cycle of poverty and despair. Their hands have actually touched and altered the surfaces we see. Their collaboration is an ingredient like gold or some precious stone, adding to the work's attractiveness and its ultimate marketability.

And so it goes with most of the exhibition. One passes through the five stories of the Whitney as through a tomahawk line, flanked by more cranks and bellowing crackpots than ever impeded the progress of innocent pedestrians through the corridors of Penn Station. Even where we share their sympathies, we must be disgusted by their aggressive, self-serving fervor. Are they not, all of them, like that pernicious shoe salesman Kenneth Cole, whose advertisements seem in essence to say: "We oppose apartheid, so please buy all your shoes from us"? Don't the viewers understand that, if it is wrong to judge a book by its cover, it is just as wrong to judge a cover by the book it contains? No message, be it ever so noble, can redeem bad art from the poverty of its inventor's imagination. That is the ultimate message of the 1991 Whitney Biennial, though it is perhaps the one message that its authors did not have in mind. □

## THEATER

# Show-Stopping Strumpet

HERB GREER

IT IS HARD to imagine the first production of *Carmen* now. Before the opening night, everybody but Bizet was afraid of it. Both orchestra and chorus complained that the music was impossible. The two managers of the Opéra-Comique were so horrified at the story's earthiness that one of them resigned. The other badmouthed the show before the première, and may have sabotaged it by inserting notices in the newspapers warning patrons about the gross content. The librettists Meilhac and Halévy, pleaded with the cast to keep their interpretations low-key and inoffensive—advice ignored by Célestine Galli-Marié, who created the part of Carmen.

*Mr. Greer is a freelance writer living in Manchester, England.*

The first-night audience applauded a few bits, but greeted most of it with cold silence. *Carmen* was too light for the pro-Wagner critics, and too serious for the rest, who were looking for something like an Offenbach operetta. The characters were described as "repulsive and uninteresting," the story as "too obscene for the stage," and the show itself as "erudite [*sic*], obscure, devoid of color, undramatic, and unoriginal."

Among others, the philosopher Nietzsche disagreed. Writing from Turin in 1888, he said he had seen the opera twenty times. The music, he said, "is amiable, it doesn't *sweat*." Each time he saw it, so he claimed, it made him a better philosopher because it was so perfect, "with none of the *lies* of large-scale works"—by which he meant Wagner's.

What would the Parisian critics, or Nietzsche, or even Bizet himself have made of *Carmen Jones*, which is being revived this season at the Old Vic in London? Oscar Hammerstein's adaptation would probably have pleased Bizet at least, barring one or two minor flaws in this production. It was written for Broadway and first produced in 1943, at a time when English versions of opera, as Hammerstein said, were "translated by scholarly but untalented gentlemen who know nearly nothing about the science of writing phonetic, singable lyrics." Hammerstein did not call *Carmen Jones* an opera, but "a musical play, based on an opera." In fact Bizet's original work is closer to the postwar American musical-comedy genre than to grand opera; it has dialogue instead of recitatives, in the structure if not the style of French *opéra comique* (recitatives were added to *Carmen* by someone else after Bizet's death); and the musical material is used to reveal character and move the story forward rather than as a display of virtuosity. The very qualities that outraged the nineteenth-century critics—dramatic violence, a certain exuberant vulgarity, untrammeled emotions, sexual tension—are those which make the opera, with and without the American surname, a great success today.

Those who have seen Otto Preminger's film will know that Bizet's cigarette factory is transformed into a wartime parachute factory, and that all the characters are black. Don José is Joe, a GI seduced and more or less enslaved by the wild and sexy Carmen Jones. The soldier's fiancée, Micaela, becomes Cindy Lou, and Escamillo the toreador is the championship boxer Husky Miller.

Desecration? Vulgarization? Not at all. As I have said, the original work has more than a tinge of vulgarity already, which does it nothing but good. Bizet borrowed from folk music for his score, and the famous *Habanera* was based on "*El arreglito*," a song by the Latin American composer Yradier. Far from committing *lèse-génie*, Hammerstein matched quite perfectly the dramatic character and power of Meilhac and Halévy's lyrics, and here and there actually improved on them.

The original toreador song, for example, is less powerful, less concentrated than Husky Miller's song, which is better suited to a man who



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fights for a living. The Toreador is concerned with love, Husky Miller with fighting: "Stan' up an' fight until you hear de bell / Stan' toe to toe, trade blow for blow." Hammerstein's on-the-page transliteration of the elisions of "black" speech, like the same thing in *Porgy and Bess*, did upset a few of the more pompous asses in the black and liberal communities. But this effect almost disappears in performance, when the dialogue is rendered more or less in the normal manner of "black" street speech. Despite the change of scene and the elimination of some characters, the core of the story—Carmen's seduction and ruin of a young soldier, finally provoking him to kill her—is intact, with all the power of Carmen's extraordinary character.

Shortly after the show opened in London, a BBC-TV arts program, *The Late Show*, carried a rather solemn discussion of Carmen as a kind of feminist heroine. Female and male commentators were full of praise of this archetypal wild woman—her independence, her tough acceptance of death, and her sexual control. What no one was willing to point out was that, seen more objectively, Carmen is a pretty atrocious example of the species bitch: cruel, selfish, mean as a polecat, ruthless, unapologetically immoral (not just sexually but in almost any way you care to name—a sociopath, in fact), and utterly destructive, not only of men but of herself. One fatuous critic suggested that Carmen "sees off everybody—she even sees off death." Actually it is death that sees off Carmen, in a particularly sleazy and sordid manner. But—such is the magical skill of Bizet and his librettists (and Hammerstein)—this unpleasant woman is alchemized by sheer theatrical magic into the true metal of a genuine and rather splendid heroine, almost a tragic figure. In the theater the very Devil himself, given guts, style, a good tune, and a certain sense of humor, can be and often is seen as attractive. In the spirit of equal opportunity, why not a devilish female?

The London production, like the original show, is double-cast in the most demanding parts. In Simon Callow's direction, it is richer and more resonant than Preminger's film, in which most of the singing (dubbed for the leads) was light in timbre, leaving the drama a bit underpowered. On


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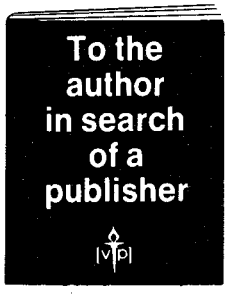


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the night I went to the Old Vic, Carmen was sung with feral, muscular grace by Sharon Benson, not operatically, but with a superb, wide-ranged soprano which growled in the low register and soared keenly into the higher ones. Moving like a cat, managing to be sassy, furious, charming, and electrically sexy all in the space of a minute or two, she dominated her scenes as Carmen must, and made Joe's obsession completely believable. Joe, played by Michael Austin, was physically a bit rounded, and in manner marginally too wimpish to make Carmen's play for him truly plausible. His voice—rich, clear, and expressively colored—made up in some degree for this softness. Ex-football-player Gregg Baker was a splendid Husky Miller, big in shoulders, vocally huge, holding the scene and the audience in a vast embrace whenever he appears.

For all the excitement and richness of this show, there seem to be no plans to move it to New York—perhaps because it might upset the liberals and the pompous, or bring out Reverend Sharpton. But any traveler passing through London with an evening to spare for something good will find it well spent on *Carmen Jones* at the Old Vic. *Bonne soirée!* □

## *FILM*

# The Trashcan School

JOHN SIMON

THE GENERAL tastelessness of our pop-culture world combined with pandering to minorities has allowed two clever mediocrities, Madonna and Spike Lee, to bestride our screens like titans. Let us advert to their current hits. Ladies (in a manner of speaking) last: for Madonna, see next issue.

Spike Lee's ***Jungle Fever*** is, in most respects, a poorly thought out movie that makes little sense, its plot and subplots unable to mesh, its main characters either unbelievable or boringly obvious, its minor characters mostly clichés, its attempts to be experimental ludicrous, its pretensions to profundity even more so. The often unconvincing dialogue, moreover, is drowned out by Stevie Wonder and Terence Blanchard's score, which almost never lets up, and may be the most obstreperous albatross ever hung on a soundtrack.

The main characters include Flipper Purify, a young black architect (sleepily played by Wesley Snipes), and his mulatto wife, Drew, a Bloomingdale's buyer (superficially enacted by Lonette McKee). They live in one of Harlem's more genteel sections and are parents to little Ming, who listens with precocious delight to their sexual cries in the adjoining bedroom. Flipper, who clashes with the white bosses of his architectural firm, is furious when they hire as his temporary secretary, not as promised a black, but Angela Tucci, an architecturally inexperienced Italian-American out of Brooklyn's blue-collar Bensonhurst section. In no time flat, though, they start an office affair, with Angie flat on her back on Flipper's drafting table, though there must be more comfortable spots in that enormous office—even the floor would qualify.

Flipper tells his schoolteacher friend Cyrus (Spike Lee, smarmy as ever) about the liaison, his first; Cyrus deliberately tells *his* light-skinned wife about it, knowing she'll spill the beans to Drew and thus end an interracial affair Cyrus equates with nuclear holocaust. As half of Harlem seems to be watching, the irate Drew throws from a window all his belongings at her husband, who helplessly remonstrates in the street below.

Because the evil white bosses refuse him a well deserved partnership, Flipper quits, to work for himself out of his home; in fact, we never see him working again. Meanwhile, Angie's girlfriends must also have blabbed, for the bigoted and bestial Papa Tucci beats the daylights out of his black-loving daughter before throwing her out for good. Angie has been going for years with Paulie, a supremely unattractive but thoroughly decent and enlightened youth, whom her parasitical brothers keep cruelly tormenting. Paulie runs

*Mr. Simon, NR's film critic, is also theater critic for* New York *magazine.*



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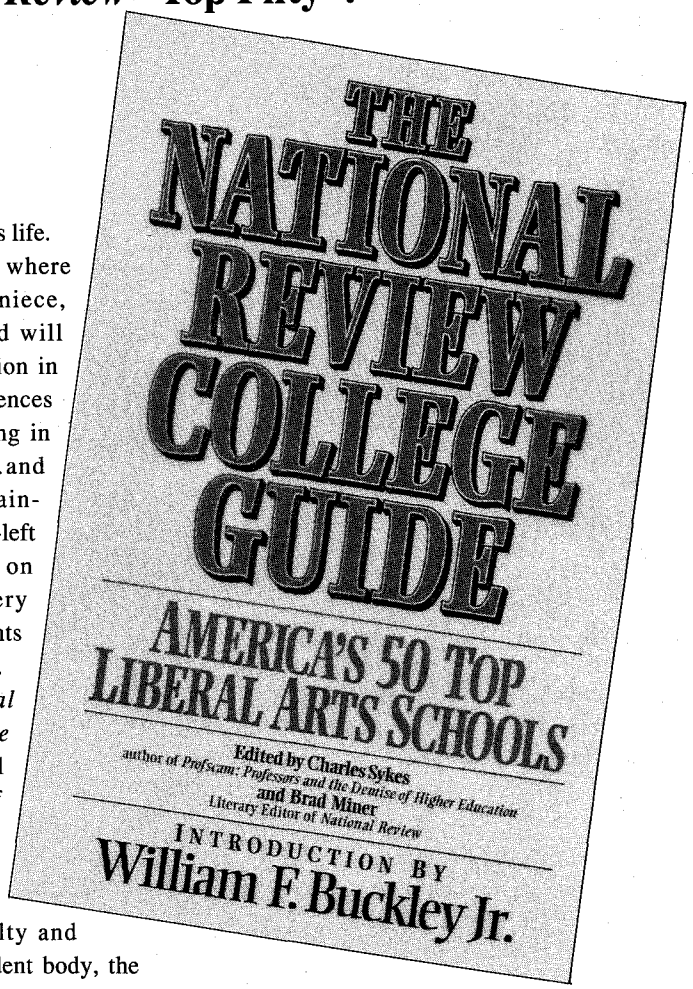
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the family candy store for his apparently agoraphobic and manifestly brutish father (Anthony Quinn, and terrible), a widower who exploits his son as widower Tucci does his daughter. Whether Paulie and Angie actually have sex is, like so much else in the movie, left unclear.

Then there are Flipper's parents: the Good Reverend Doctor Purify—he is never addressed any other way by any member of his family—and his wife, Lucinda. He was dismissed from his Baptist ministry under a cloud—unexplained, but probably sexual misconduct—and is a Bible-thumping and -spouting fanatic without portfolio; as Flipper says, he cannot just talk, only quote or paraphrase Scripture. Lucinda is a fluttery hysteric who dotes on her elder son, Gator, a crack addict who plays up to her and preys on her, using the money she keeps giving him merely to buy more crack—to the point where the Good Reverend Doctor tries (vainly) to keep him out. It is unclear what the elder Purifys live off so comfortably, how their beloved first-born became a wretched druggie, why Lucinda nevertheless prefers him to the good Flipper, and why a sulphur-and-brimstone Baptist would name his sons Gator and Flipper rather than, say, Ezekiel and Obadiah.

Lee's views on interracial relationships remain similarly fuzzy. Betrayed by Flipper, Drew gathers all her girlfriends about her for a highly unpersuasive anti-male rap session wherein the majority condemns black men for chasing only after light-skinned sisters and lately, worse yet, only white

Alan Nahigian

bitches, all of them dying to get their hands on a mythically endowed black stud. (It is unclear how much, if any, of this is meant as irony.) One young woman sensibly observes that skin color is irrelevant; what matters is how a man treats you. But her voice is lost in a discordant chorus of every kind of special pleading.

Counterpointing this is the unenlightened talk at Paulie's candy store, where various Italian-American bucks voice their machismo, racism, and stupidity, and only Paulie represents sweet reason, for which, in the end, he may be rewarded with a fine black girlfriend—one whose refinement, sophistication, and economic status make her a totally improbable denizen of Bensonhurst. But then, neither is it probable that the prosperous and upwardly mobile Flipper and Drew would be living in Harlem, except that Spike wants to tell his version of *A Tale of Two Cities* (or neighborhoods), even though his manipulation of them never yields an epiphany. Similarly, the counterpoised stories of Flipper and Gator never shed light on each other, except that Lee, criticized (rightly) for excluding drugs from his two preceding movies, wanted to prove that he is up to the subject.

Is he, though? His crack emporium on 145th Street is the size of Grand Central Terminal, with blacks and whites coming and going openly, unhassled by cops. Everyone has his private cubbyhole, just as in Flipper's architectural firm—which clearly isn't an architectural office at all, but that of a large ad agency, what with wrong work tables and unlikely pinup girls all over, etc. But everything about Flipper and his world is, to use an architectural term, off the wall.

Not only does Flipper and Angie's relationship fail to receive genuine development, but even individually the characters refuse to come to life. Angie is, despite Annabella Sciorra's compelling performance, a limp dishrag; John Turturro's zestily idiosyncratic portrayal can barely save Paulie from sickening goody-goodiness; the other Italian-Americans are crudely racist stereotypes. The blacks, needless to say, get much more sympathy, but only one, Gator, achieves reality and stature, thanks to Samuel Jackson's remarkably humane performance. Yet just as Lee doesn't know what he is doing technically (he throws in flash forwards, iris dissolves, matte sequences randomly and pointlessly, merely to show off), he cannot make his parallel stories cohere, let alone interact illuminatingly.

This softheadedness emerges even from his statements about the film. The press kit quotes him as saying that the elder Purifys—obvious nut cases—represent "a time long ago when people were more normal." In an interview in the *Village Voice*, he states, "Drew's father was black, her mother was white." In the film, Flipper asks Drew, "Did your white father hate your black mother?" These, if we are to believe the film's own premise, are vastly different scenarios, but why should Spike bother his pretty head with consistency or sense as long as Vincent Canby in the *New York Times* declares his talent "light years ahead of his contemporaries," and adds that, with this film, Lee "joins the ranks of our best." How many light years back is that?

Originally, *Jungle Fever* had a prologue in which Spike instructed anyone who considered him an anti-Semite or racist to "kiss my black a— two times." When, despite the cut prologue, the film did not win at Cannes, he declared the jury racist. I hope they get equal white-a—-kissing time. □

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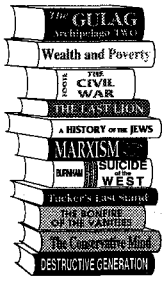


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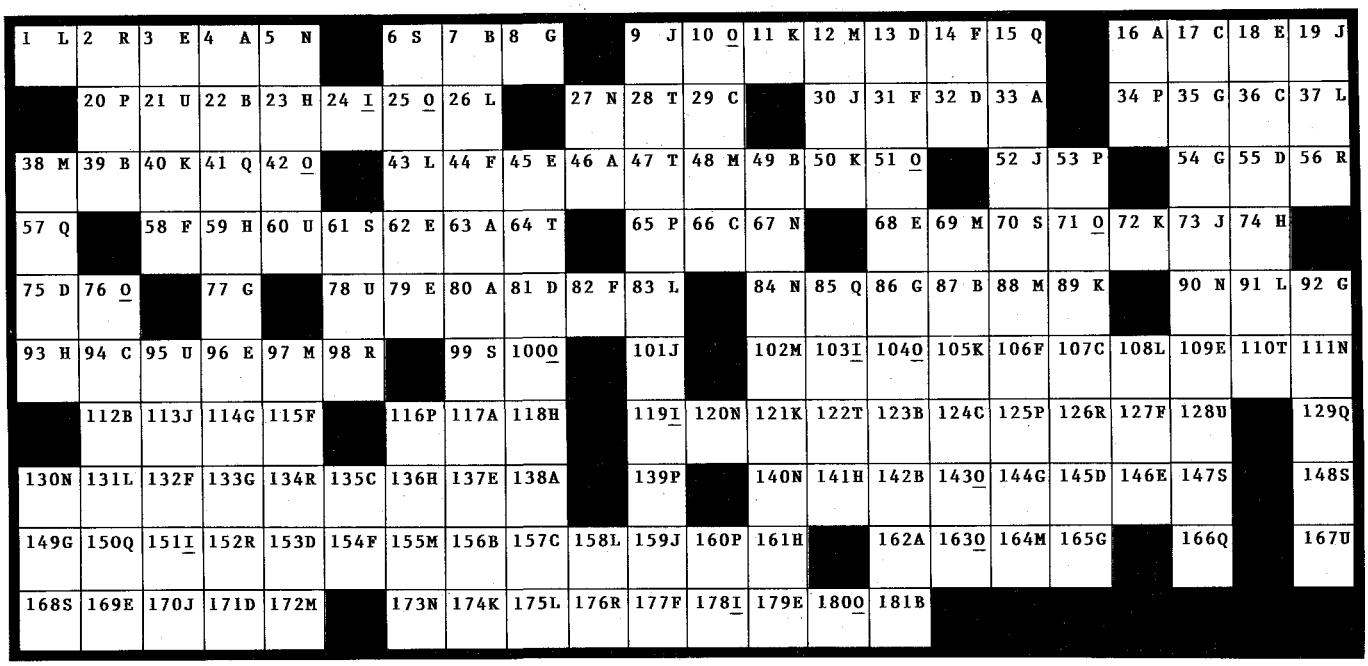
# TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney




## DEFINITIONS

A. Hawk, to the dove — 162 46 63 16 117 80 138 33 4

B. Chafing — 156 7 22 49 87 123 112 39 142 181

C. Obnoxious blowhard — 157 66 107 29 36 17 94 124 135

D. Least expensive —and best!— medicine — 153 145 75 81 55 13 171 32

E. Unyielding — 179 137 62 18 109 146 68 79 96 3 45 169

F. Fine French needlework (2 words) — 177 82 14 115 58 31 132 127 106 154 44

G. School subject — 35 114 86 165 8 92 77 54 133 149 144

H. English seaside resort — 93 118 136 74 141 23 59 161

I. Poetry muse — 103 119 24 178 151

J. Daydream's counterpart — 73 52 9 113 170 30 101 159 19

K. Certain seashore water level (2 words) — 89 11 40 121 105 72 174 50

L. Delighted — 83 26 108 91 43 1 175 131 37 158

M. Menaced — 164 155 102 88 12 48 97 172 69 38

N. City on the Wabash (2 words) — 111 120 84 67 5 90 27 130 140 173

O. Direction — 104 143 76 42 10 71 163 51 25 180 100

P. The morning "drug" — 20 139 65 116 125 34 53 160

Q. Hempstead, N.Y., institution — 150 85 129 57 41 15 166

R. Purple flowers often seen on prom night — 152 98 176 2 56 126 134

S. Appoints, in a holy way — 168 70 147 6 99 61 148

T. Controversial Bruce — 47 122 110 28 64

U. A certain carriage — 78 60 167 95 21 128

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 52 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**



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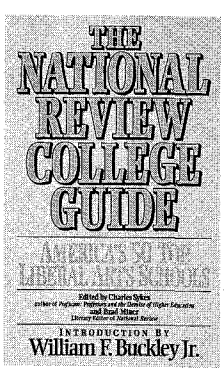


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**MORRIS**

(Continued from page 37)

radio in general, as democracy's forum. People want their voices heard and will seek the medium most accessible to them. Through radio, Brudnoy believes, comes "the silent majority of views"—the ones politicians don't express; the ones news organizations don't give awards for. One thing Brudnoy can't understand, however, is why Americans don't elect their representatives the way they choose their talk-radio hosts.

Most talk-radio programs focus on local issues. Jim McLaughlin on WALE in Providence says, "the pothole you back into as you drive to work is a bigger problem for people" than any current national issue. He calls his show "therapy radio . . . an outlet from a clearly liberal mainstream media."

Even nonconservative hosts view themselves in the same way. Jerry Williams of WRKO in Boston, an FDR liberal concerned with the radicals who have taken over the Democratic Party and liberalism's good name, says that talk radio is "the only avenue left where people can express themselves."

Carol Hemingway of KABC in Los Angeles calls herself "a breath of fresh air" for a media world dominated by "conservative bosses." So what, she says, if the reporters and broadcasters are liberal: it's the guys in the suits who decide what runs. She's in radio because she believes it has a large influence on society; some 95 per cent of radio listeners are voters, and she wants to make activists of her listeners—what kind of activists, she really doesn't care.

Many mike jockeys are themselves activists. When House Speaker Jim Wright was proposing a congressional pay raise, Jerry Williams rallied hosts around the country to urge their listeners to call, fax, or write their representatives, expressing outrage. Since then, Williams and Mike Siegel of Seattle have organized some three hundred hosts from around the country into a sort of political-action committee (the National Association of Radio Talk Show Hosts).

However, Mike Rosen of WRKO in Denver demurs. He doesn't think it is radio's place to be actively rallying support for this or that cause; radio, he says, is entertainment.

The only real generalization you can tag on talk radio is variety. Each show has its own geographical idiosyncrasies and concerns. Even Limbaugh, though he concentrates on national news, is very much New York: big, brash, truculent.

Radio's simplicity (a microphone and a host) and its limits (only sound) are what enable it to be what it is. Our new Tocqueville may find our House of Representatives unrepresentative and the Federal Government a remote bureaucracy. But democracy in America—"the most continuous, ancient, and permanent tendency known to history"—today finds a home on the air. □



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## Lenin's Getting Old

NEW YORK, JUNE 24

The people at *60 Minutes* devoted an entire hour to excerpts from programs done over the last decade in and about the Soviet Union. It was a galvanizing hour, reminding us of many things, among them the tenacity of our illusions about Soviet Communism.

In this respect, much credit goes to the producers of *60 Minutes*, who were not ashamed to let us all see the glowing tributes paid to the Communist state as recently as 1972. Morley Safer is there, and he speaks about the huge material abundances of Soviet life, about the gaiety of Soviet dress, the color, the general animation. We are introduced to a society that seems to be, finally, working, a dream coming true. True, Mr. Safer concluded that segment, the Russian people don't have freedom; on the other hand, they never did. . . . It seems a million years ago, but that is the way so many of our journalists and intellectuals saw the Soviet Union. It was so in China too; indeed, 1972 was the year in which Mr. Nixon led a group of journalists to China, to see and to adore.

The program went on to introduce us to an eighty-year-old woman, married to a writer who was taken in 1936 by the NKVD. What had he done? Nothing. He was executed. His brother was then imprisoned. And his father. And now the old lady is talking in fluent English to *60 Minutes*. Flash to several Russians, among them young people, who say quite enthusiastically that they wish Stalin were still alive. Yes, it is important to recall that such neural disorders exist. There are those (mostly in the closet) who wish Hitler were alive. The people of Moscow wept when Ivan the Terrible said he was abdicating his office.

On my first visit to Russia—in 1970, on behalf of the United States Information Agency—I was extensively briefed about what was unsafe. Watch the booze—there are Soviet officials who will attempt to exchange toasts at a velocity visiting foreigners can't handle. No sex—Mata Haris are everywhere. Don't under any circumstances accept a letter from anyone, to be mailed when you get back to the States. And then the supreme commandment: Under no circumstances derogate Lenin in any way. He is the Redeemer in the view of almost everybody in the Soviet Union.

Twenty years later, the majority of the people who live in the city of Leningrad opt to change the name of the city. Back to St. Petersburg, bypassing Petrograd. Lenin hated saints.

Here and there, there had been evidence of anti-Leninist popular thinking: a statue defaced, a wisecrack about the old man. But the gravity of the action of the voters of Leningrad was quickly understood by the Kremlin, which announced that the change in name could not take place. Many reasons for this were given, among them that it would be extremely expensive to change the name on all the maps and brochures and road signs. But the fear expressed by Gorbachev reflects the awful insecurity one would experience on learning that the legitimizing instrument of one's faith was crumbling. If (however inconceivably) it were established that the Constitution was illegitimate, by what would the courts and the legislators and the executive be guided? If (however inconceivably) it were established that Christ was a paid actor and the Crucifixion a venture in black theater, what would the Christian world do?

Perhaps the YMCA would replace the Vatican. But now the Revolution is decomposing. Lenin instructed us that "Orthodox Marxism requires no revision of any kind either in the field of philosophy, or in its theory of political economy, or in its theory of historical development." But that was never true. Lenin's sole virtue was a relative indifference to adulation. It was only after he died that Petrograd's name was changed. But Lenin, himself as close as any man could be to heartlessness, understood intellectually the need for icons. He'd have approved the hagiography of Communism, because he'd have found it useful to accelerate the Revolution.

*60 Minutes* showed us a slice of today's Moscow. And there we see—the can-can. Khrushchev, in 1957, saw it done in Los Angeles, and railed against it as evidence of bourgeois deterioration. All of this in twenty years. Enough to make a man a Couéist ("Every day, in every way, things are getting better and better"). □

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## The Rockefeller Findings

NEW YORK, JUNE 28

The Rockefeller Commission's recommendations are grounded in two conclusions about American children. The first is moral, the second, instrumental. "Today, children are the poorest Americans." That, the commissioners conclude, is intolerable. And secondly: a poor child is an economic disadvantage to America, making it a practical matter to do something about such poverty.

In fact, one must suppose that children have always been the poorest Americans. What the Commission is doing here is working a phrase around to get the best spin from it. What they mean to say is that parents with children to care for are—one-fifth of them—among the poorest Americans. Who and where are these children?

In 1970, about 12 per cent of children lived with a single parent. That figure, twenty years later, had doubled. Not every child living with a single parent is poor, granted—I can remember when one or two children living with a single parent were Rockefellers. But put it this way: If you are a child living in a single-parent home, the chances that you are living in poverty are 65 per cent greater than if you were in a two-parent home.

But the Commission isn't out to help only those children from single-parent homes who are living in poverty. While it is at it, it wants to help every child. Those in the poorest brackets would be helped most; their parents would receive a round one thousand dollars for each



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child—whereas the net subsidy to the affluent parent would be only four hundred dollars.

A few questions: What is going to guarantee that the thousand dollars sent to Mrs. Jones is going to be spent on homework materials and measles shots? Again, since the majority of the non-affluent single parents are mothers who bore illegitimate children, what reason is there to suppose that the program is going to serve as an inducement to other prospective mothers to marry before they have children? The point here is to the obvious extent moral, of course, but it is also practical. Married couples with children are not heavy patrons of poverty.

Senator Rockefeller proposes to spend $40 billion to cure a trend which could be reversed by giving us back the ratio we enjoyed as recently as in 1970, when only 12 per cent of American children lived with one parent. What is extraordinary is that this wild, massive effort should be directed without substantial thought being given to the cause of the current problem.

There is, then, the question of financing Mr. Rockefeller's plan. He has a terrific idea. Increase the tax rate from 31 per cent to 50 per cent on joint returns with taxable income over $300,000. To do so "would place the greatest tax burden on persons with the highest incomes, [making] more progressive [the tax] without raising rates to the levels they were prior to tax reform."

It is omigod time. Here we go again—solve all your problems by taxing the rich. As though we had learned nothing at all from the experience of the past twenty years.

During those twenty years we learned that there is an almost uncanny correlation between the intensity of the state's involvement in welfare activity and the rise of illegitimacy, welfarism, and sloth.

But we learned also how it is that Americans tend to react to high progressive rates. Two former Treasury economists, Aldona and Gary Robbins, forecast that a 33 per cent tax bracket (as compared to 28 per cent) would increase federal revenues by $13 billion over the first five years but would actually reduce revenues in subsequent years because of the negative impact on the economy. During last year's tax debate, Professor Lawrence Lindsey estimated that raising the tax rate from 28 per cent to 33 per cent would reduce the tax base by at least 5 per cent, as people increasingly based their work and investment decisions on tax consequences rather than economic right-thought.

Mr. Rockefeller spent over $10 million of his own money to make sure that he would get elected. He ought to know that other Americans can be as resourceful in finding ways to avoid taxation as he is in seeking out legislative cockpits from which to raise taxation. □

## *In Re Sununu*

NEW YORK, JUNE 26

Concerning the matter of John Sununu, a few observations:

1. What exactly does the term "appearance of impropriety" mean? Governor Sununu has apologized for the trips to the stamp auction and to the dentist, on the grounds that they gave the "appearance" of impropriety. This really begs the question, which is, Were the trips not "apparently" wrong, but actually wrong? The answer is yes: the taxpayers are not supposed to pay for philatelists' pleasures, even if redeemed by dental pain. It hurt Governor Sununu, who is a meticulist in expression, to use a term inappropriate to his conduct. It is one thing for someone to say that to receive a massage, naked, from a beauty queen gives the "appearance" of impropriety, but you can get away with it if you convince the public that that is all it was—a massage. Mr. Sununu wasn't getting a massage, he was engaged—to pursue the metaphor—in coital defiance of the regulations.

2. Having granted this, what then are we left with? Defenders of President Bush's refusal to dismiss Sununu (I am among them) need always to ask, What are the relevant perspectives?

The axiom, pronounced by several editors, is disarmingly simple, and naïve. It is that anyone who can make a mistake of such a character as Mr. Sununu's cannot be trusted as the top advisor of the President. Well, that is nonsense. In the past few months we have been waterlogged by accounts of President Kennedy's sexual misbehavior while President of the United States. We know that he boasted to one of his confidantes that he was the first President to have had sex in the Lincoln Room other than with his wife, and we profoundly hope that this is so. He had sex with women with ties to the Mafia and to the Soviet Union. But there is nowhere a retrospective consolidation of sentiment that he should have been impeached, had we known of his behavior while he was President. Indeed there are those (I have in mind, for instance, a former Chief of Correspondents of Time–Life) who will tell you that they knew the whole thing about JFK and the girls, knew it week by week while he was President, but that they gave him cover, on the grounds that there was no derivative disablement of his capacity as a functioning Chief Executive. Warren Harding kept mistresses in and out of White House closets during his tenure in office. There are those who might wish that President Harding's tenure, however brief, had been aborted by the disclosure of these activities. But there is hardly anything like a consolidation of opinion on the subject. This may be so because those who have read history know that the sexual behavior of our princes has in few cases resulted in the impairment of the capacity to rule. Nero, maybe, and Caligula. But Henry VIII enters the history books as an effective monarch, never mind his satyriasis and his inclination to dispose of unsatisfactory wives on the scaffold.

3. The question arises, Is the attack on Sununu in fact an attack on George Bush? Once again, there is the need for perspective. The editor of an important paper in Oklahoma testified to MacNeil–Lehrer that there wasn't any sentiment, in his part of the world, to do away with Sununu as a public blight; indeed, the paper had received only eight letters on Sununu since the williwaw began. It is proper to raise the question whether this is an indication of the dulled morality of the public, or whether the misuse of public transportation is merely a venial offense. How many Americans have asked themselves whether they should be fired by their employers because every now and again they use a postage stamp from the office supply to mail a personal letter? Mutatis mutandis, they might say to themselves, that is the equivalent of misusing a government limousine, if you are chief of staff of the White House. And, of course, everybody knows about congressional junkets. The late Congressman Adam Clayton Powell Jr. once took a highly publicized trip to Greece with a hypermammiferous blonde. He was investigating Greek affairs. Congressman Powell, contemplating the bust of Homer.

4. And the final perspective, which is of course President Bush's estimate of the value of Mr. Sununu to him as principal aide. Nobody is better equipped to pass definitive judgment on that question than Mr. Bush—who is saying, in effect, John Sununu did a dumb, provocative thing. But he is an admirable aide, and the country would suffer from his dismissal.

End question. □

*(Universal Press Syndicate)*



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# OFF THE RECORD

**No Doubting Thomas.** Several months back Cato was pleased to have lunch with Clarence Thomas after he took Judge Bork's old seat on the U.S. court of appeals for the District. After reminiscing about his upbringing, the judge said that conservatives make a big mistake when they say they oppose affirmative action. So what kind of affirmative action could the judge support? He was distressed about black college students who, having been accepted into top schools under a quota system, find themselves over their heads; instead of doing well at a lesser school, many drop out and have their sense of failure reinforced. The judge's own example of affirmative action he would support was to give such students five years to get their degrees instead of four. "What matters is not where they start out," he told Cato, "but that they finish—with a real degree that they earned and that's the equal of any other degree from the same school." Tell it to the Court.

**Just Say Yes.** There she goes again. Unreported by the Beltway media, Representative Pat Schroeder (D., Colo.) made a brief, seemingly innocuous parliamentary motion June 26 "to raise a point of order on page 28, line 25 . . . to strike [Title] 'XX.'" The motion concerned the appropriation bill for the Departments of Labor and Health and Human Services, and it was sustained without debate. The result is the elimination of the Adolescent Family Life program, the tiny federal office that oversees and funds local programs teaching kids to abstain from sex. Sources tell Cato that Mrs. Schroeder was acting under marching orders from major recipients of the federal "Title X" family-planning program who are irritated by the small-fry chastity program's existence—and successes. And we thought the lady was for choice.

**Their Man for Havana?** With Communism collapsing around the world you might think the staff at Radio Martí—which broadcasts into Cuba—would be merrily awaiting Fidel's final days. Instead, the station is wracked by dissension over its director, Rolando Bonachea, formerly a history professor at Boise State University, who took over Radio Martí little more than a year ago.

Staffers complain about both Mr. Bonachea's management style and his political leanings. Insiders say most of the talent at Radio Martí has defected to TV Martí. More seriously, there is a suspicion that he is soft on Fidel. Back in 1974, for example, then-Professor Bonachea was quoted in the *Idaho Statesman*: "I have come to the conclusion that the revolution has positive and negative achievements, and the positive outweigh the negative." Mr. Bonachea may have reformed since then, but he is still sounding an uncertain trumpet.

**A Tale of Two Polls.** "Yes, we're liberal," is the fallback argument of media folk when confronted with surveys showing they voted McGovern by nine to one, "but we never allow that to influence our reporting." So how did they report two recent conflicting polls on a matter—abortion—on which they hold firm views? When a Harris poll showed broad public opposition to the Supreme Court's upholding a ban on abortion counseling in federally funded family-planning clinics, it received the usual kid-gloves media handling. Typical was the *Boston Globe*'s coverage ("Pro-Abortion Group Targets Court Ruling," June 12), which read like a Planned Parenthood press release and gave no space to pro-life critics.

That wasn't the story when the National Right to Life Committee revealed at a June 25 press conference that a Wirthlin poll had elicited numbers that contradicted Harris's. At the circus-like affair, reporters angrily demanded specifics about what poll questions preceded those on abortion, which group paid how much for what question, and so on; Cato heard shouts of "How can we accept this?" So the next day's coverage came as no surprise. The *Globe* ("Abortion Groups, Pro and Con, Report Differing Poll Results") not only included Planned Parenthood criticism of the Wirthlin study but also repeated the Harris findings. That's not bias, of course, merely how media folk see things.

**The Kennedy Papers.** Waves from the rape charge against William Kennedy Smith continue to ripple through the Beltway. Recently Cato came across the sworn statement by the investigating police officer in the case, which contains some interesting information of its own. The statement reveals that the victim was given both a Computer Voice Stress Analysis and a lie-detector test, which she passed. Funny how the *New York Times* article by Fox Butterfield questioning the victim's sexual past failed to report this bit of information.

*"You can't blame* everything *on the Mongol hordes!"*

**Ooops.** President Alfredo Cristiani of El Salvador came to the White House on a long overdue official visit (though he did not get the state visit accorded to Nicaragua's Violeta Chamorro). In its zeal to interest the U.S. press in Mr. Cristiani's achievements, however, the Salvadoran embassy seems to have got one point backward: it attributed to the president's social initiatives a 3 per cent *reduction* in literacy. Maybe El Salvador's been getting help from the NEA.

—CATO



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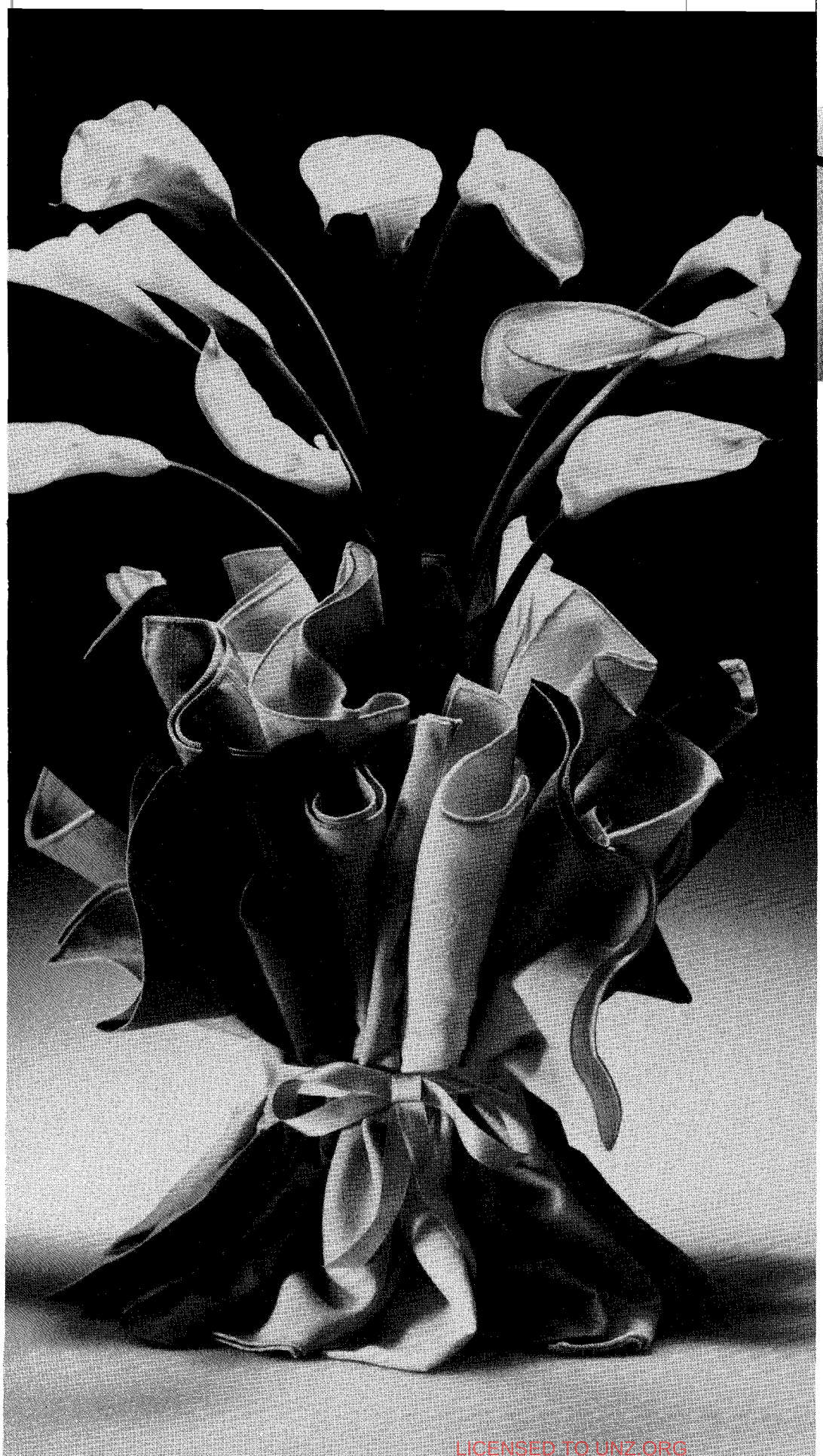

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